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Southerners Look at Desegregation

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Contents

Non-Segregation, or Quality, in Schools of the Deep South? 387
NORMAN A. BRITTIN

Comment 397
JONATHAN DANIELS

The Realities and Ethics of Desegregation 398
RAYFORD W. LOGAN

Conscience and the Constitution 405
PETER A. CARMICHAEL

The Hockey Forward and Mankind ..... *a Poem* .. 414
GEORGE ABBE

It Cuts Both Ways 415
WILLIAM GORDON

The Impending Crisis 421
ALVIN W. ROSE

My Brother's Keeper ..... *a Story* .. 431
SEYMOUR EPSTEIN

The Jittery Gentle Squirrel ..... *a Poem* .. 440
JUDSON JEROME

America's Newest Voter: a Florida Case Study ... 441
WILLIAM G. CARLETON and HUGH DOUGLAS PRICE

James Madison and the Current Conservative Vogue 458
NEAL RIEMER

The Blinds Drawn Down ..... *a Story* .. 471
RUTH KRONMAN

Movie Psychiatrics 484
MARTIN S. DWORKIN

Memory of Defeat in Japan: a Reappraisal of "Rashomon" 492
JAMES F. DAVIDSON

The Exile ..... *a Poem* .. 501
HAROLD WITT

Books 502
L. W. MICHAELSON, PETER MARSHALL

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Editors' Shop Talk

When we decided to title our symposium "Southerners Look at Desegregation" (see the cover), contributor Rayford Logan said that the inclusion of his name with those of other Southerners might be misunderstood. He pointed out that he was born in Washington, educated in Massachusetts, and had spent five years as an expatriate in Europe; and that although he had taught for five years in Virginia and for an equal time in Georgia, he had long been one of the South's severest critics. Why, he asked, didn't we qualify our title with a term, say, like "Non-professional Southerners"?

If anyone misapprehends the meaning of our title, we hereby amend it as Professor Logan suggests. Professor Brittin is a transplanted Yankee. From past acquaintance, we know that Professor Carmichael's opinions are anything but regional. And "professional Southerner" seems hardly the term to apply to Messrs. Jonathan Daniels, William Gordon, or Alvin Rose.

Although we didn't originally plan the symposium that way, it somehow seems right that all the contributors come from below the Mason-Dixon line. The time has passed when desegregation in education could be a matter of theory. Today desegregation is a practical problem, and whose solution, or whose opinion about it, is worth more than that of those who have known segregation in their own lives or in their own environment?

We regret that some aspects of desegregation are not fully discussed here. What of Negro teachers, for instance? Will the better teachers be dropped from the school system because of prejudice against their teaching white pupils? Will the poorer Negro teachers be forced into other vocations—or will they be given the additional training to bring them up to teaching par? Such questions are disturbing, particularly when there is a national teacher shortage. Another interesting story that has not been told is the recent effort at integration of Catholic schools in the South.

* * *

Or, for perspective, how about the story of Supreme Court Justice John Marshall Harlan? It was Justice Harlan, the "Great Dissenter," who remarked some sixty years ago that the Constitution is color blind. Of the "fiction of equal facilities" he once said, "everyone knows that the statute in question [a Mississippi law upholding segregation on trains] had its origin in the purpose . . . to exclude colored persons from coaches assigned to white persons." And in another great dissent in 1906 he argued that a college (Berea, in Kentucky, his own state) had the right to go on teaching whites and Negroes; such a right was, he said, "a substantial right of property." P. B.

Non-Segregation, or Quality, in Schools of the Deep South?

By NORMAN A. BRITTIN

"The Court said what segregation does to the colored, but they didn't tell what nonsegregation will do to the white!" This remark, now being heard all over the South, indicates the kind of troubled and resentful response that white Southerners are giving to the recent decision of the Supreme Court outlawing segregation in public schools.

"The Court has made its decision, there is nothing more to be said, and only details remain now to be settled." Such a complacent, relieved assumption is typical of the attitude held by Northerners. But as far as the Deep South is concerned, the Court's decision has not really settled anything, and the arranging of the details may well involve us for another generation or more.

I suppose myself that segregation will be eliminated in Southern schools during the course of two or three generations, and I am not utterly opposed to eliminating it. I do not hold with those who maintain that "a nigger is only a nigger and nothing more." I feel sure that the Negro can gradually improve himself morally, economically, and culturally, and become capable of participating in American culture much more than he does now. Nevertheless, the six years I have lived in Alabama have persuaded me that the practical difficulties of amalgamating the children of the two races in the schools of the Deep South are enormous and that the only sensible attitude is a gradualist one.

It seems to me that amalgamation is feasible now in Alabama only at the highest level, in the graduate school. The experience of numerous graduate schools in various Southern states shows that when

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A New Yorker by birth, NORMAN A. BRITTIN has lived in the South for some years. He is a member of the faculty of Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

qualified Negroes are admitted to graduate study, no untoward events occur. This successful amalgamation (or at least teaching the two races side by side) in graduate schools is due, I believe, to the intelligence, learning, sophistication, and lack of prejudice which graduate students and their teachers possess. The Negroes as well as the whites have the cultural requisites, and the Negroes are few. Their presence does not constitute an overwhelming problem of maintaining standards in the face of an onrushing multitude. They would not have been admitted if they had not qualified for admission by years of study which gained them the Bachelor's degree.

I used to think that something in the nature of a "sixteen-year-plan" might be feasible. That is, start with the first-grade pupils of a particular year, and merge both white and colored—but no pupils in any higher grade that year. The next year, send the merged classes on into the second grade, and merge a new first-grade class. And so on, grade by grade. Thus the same groups of children would gradually advance through grammar school, high school, and college. Not until sixteen years after the amalgamation had begun, would any Negroes be graduated on the bachelor-degree level from an Alabama college in the same class with white students.

But such a program would certainly raise many troublesome questions, and I have come to doubt that it is gradual enough.

As I look at the matter, the main question is not a legal one, nor a financial one, nor even one chiefly involving prejudice and custom. The main question, I believe, is *quality* of education.

Can a white Alabama parent expect any result in Alabama non-segregated schools—as far as his own children are concerned—except a deterioration in the quality of the education that they would receive? I feel sure that deterioration would occur, and it is a dire prospect when one considers that the quality of public education in Alabama and the rest of the Deep South is even now dismally low.

Probably the problem of the Negro teacher and the white pupil is the crucial element of the whole matter. The Deep South is a section where practically every white person studiously insists upon calling every Negro by his or her first name: Emmy Lou, not Miss Jones; Magnolia, not Mrs. Smith. Would white parents allow their children to be taught by Negro teachers? Thirty-one per cent of Alabama teachers are Negroes; we cannot put these Negro teachers out of work;

there are not enough white teachers to teach all the pupils of Alabama in mixed classes; and so, of course, amalgamated schools would have to have amalgamated staffs of teachers.

Anyway it is quite possible that some Negro teachers are superior —more intelligent, more conscientious, and better trained than the average white teacher. Nevertheless, as everyone knows, Negroes are under a great handicap, the Negro teacher perhaps as much as any other Negro. Their handicap exists because of the fact that—no matter how the situation came about and no matter who is to blame for it—the Negro has been kept largely outside the traditions of American culture. This is particularly true of the Negro in the Deep South.

The Negro long ago lost his African culture ("What is Africa to me?" asks the Negro poet Langston Hughes), but he never replaced it effectively with the Western culture that comes from Greek, Roman, and Judeo-Christian roots. The Negro still exists pretty much on the fringes of our culture. His speech, his home, his customs, his religion, his morals—all evince that fact. And it is the sensing of this fact which makes many a Southerner say that when the Negro is "ready," he can have—the vote, and various other privileges. That certain Negroes are "ready" is shown by various signs—for example, the recent election of a Negro to the Atlanta School Board. But this man, Dr. Rufus Clement, is exceptional, being the President of Atlanta University.

The big question remains: can we white people of Alabama trust our cultural heritage to the hands of Alabama Negro teachers? Can we assure ourselves that this heritage will be effectively passed on, even under white teachers, if a large number of the pupils are Negroes?

Educationally speaking, this seems to me to be the crux of the problem.

With all good will toward the Negro, a white parent in Alabama must look with concern on the prospect of nonsegregated schools. In view of the low standards of education, morals, and home environment among so large a number of Negroes, it seems to him entirely defensible—perhaps even mandatory—to throw up safeguards for culture. It seems to him—and I agree—that this is so important a matter and so reasonable a desire that all responsible persons, regardless of locality or race, must recognize it and respect it.

It should, then, be made plain to all men (but especially to the Negroes) that white Alabama cannot countenance Negro teachers or Negro pupils in mixed classes unless such teachers and pupils can meet definite cultural specifications.

Culture is a subtle matter (I am not speaking, of course, merely of schooling, or grades, or learning), but we all use certain means of estimating it, and these we might sharpen and systematize. Culture reveals itself, first of all, I suspect, in speech. So the prospective Negro teacher of mixed classes would be required to demonstrate exceptional proficiency in speech. This requirement would be similar to that in England where a teacher would not be hired if he still possessed his provincial accent and had not mastered standard English. It would be similar to that enforced in New York City, where a prospective teacher must pass an examination to show that he does not have an "accent."

II

Speech, however, is only the outward sign of the inner mystery of culture, and the question of nonsegregation in public schools is another aspect of the American melting pot. We have seen in many communities the impact of differing cultures upon traditional American standards. Wave after wave of immigrants has smashed upon American schools, and the opportunity to have free public education has been a great incentive to countless immigrant families. Poor and ignorant as most of the immigrants were, their children were able to absorb enough learning and enough of the amenities of American culture to advance themselves without, we hope, damaging the quality of American education. Is not the case of the Negro just like that of the immigrants?

I think it is different in several respects. European immigrants, however poor and ignorant they were, participated in Western culture to a larger extent than the Negro has been able to do. Involved in that culture are Dante and Homer, Jesus and Isaiah, Luther, St. Francis, Copernicus, Galileo, Beethoven, Verdi—they are all there for the immigrants to look back upon and to be sustained by. Whether or not the immigrant was a literate person, his culture, the dominant culture of the Western world, produced these men; conversely, these men helped to create that dominant culture. Our European immigrants

have all been involved for many centuries in Christendom, and therefore their amalgamation into American schools and American culture has not been too difficult. In contrast, the Negro simply has no viable past of the same cultural caliber. James Baldwin, a Negro writer, recently told (in *Harper's Magazine*) of his experiences in a Swiss village. No matter how ignorant and limited the villagers are, he says, "they move with an authority which I shall never have; and they regard me, quite rightly, not only as a stranger in their village but as a suspect late-comer, bearing no credentials, to everything they have—however unconsciously—inherited."

We must remember, too, that the children of immigrants were not, for at least two generations, taught in the schools by their own fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts. Their teachers were people who had absorbed American culture.

Furthermore, many of the immigrant groups, such as the Germans of Wisconsin, had excellent records and excellent traditions. Perhaps a majority of the immigrants whose melting in the American pot seemed such a tremendous problem forty years ago were superior to the many poor and ignorant white Southerners who have had only a fourth- or fifth-grade education and whose children are now cramming the schools of Alabama and the rest of the South. But we must sympathize with the poor white Southerner. He has had to live, culturally and educationally, pretty much under frontier conditions: a little schooling and a lot of poverty and hard work. Now that his children are at last having a better opportunity than he had, he does not want them to be pushed back into an unfavorable situation by the Negroes, who are occupying a much ruder frontier than even his.

III

The more one studies the status of the Negro in America, the more he realizes that the problem of improving Negro education is a long-range one, as is the whole problem of raising the Negro's cultural level. Both of these problems are bound up with the Negro's economic condition.

At present the Negro has little place in the business and professional life of the United States. Census figures of 1950 reveal very clearly, for example, the Alabama Negro's status. Thirty-two per cent

of the population of Alabama is Negro, but in 1950 whereas 3,094 white people were accountants and auditors, only 21 Negroes held such positions. Statistics for other kinds of professional workers are in keeping: chemists, 662 to 16; dentists, 560 to 42; designers and draftsmen, 979 to 7; engineers, 4,981 to 38; pharmacists, 1,077 to 21; physicians, 2,004 to 126. White members of the professions in Alabama totaled 53,517, Negro members, 11,321. But the great majority of the latter were schoolteachers and clergymen—7,702 Negro teachers and 997 Negro clergymen. And here are some other instructive figures: managers, officials, proprietors, 56,931 white to 2,336 Negro; clerical and kindred workers, 72,082 to 3,348; sales workers, 55,142 to 2,765; craftsmen and foremen, 97,514 to 13,246.

Employed white workers in Alabama were divided almost evenly between: (1) those in professions, business, and skilled labor—335,186 —and (2) those who were farmers, operatives, household workers, service workers, and laborers—351,560. However, Negroes in class 1 totaled only 33,016, whereas those in class 2 totaled 285,072.

Thus it is evident that the Negro, especially in the Deep South, has not developed a middle class—the storekeeper, lawyer, engineer, salesman and saleswoman, bookkeeper, carpenter, electrician, and the like, those who cultivate the middle-class virtues and who most strongly support education. And as long as the vast majority of Negroes belong to the farmer-laborer group, the white people of the Deep South are not going to look kindly on nonsegregated schools.

Not that it is entirely a matter of work or income. Education enters in also. Since few Negroes have had much education, Negro standards are low. Large numbers of Negroes are illiterate, or "functionally illiterate," having completed less than five grades in school. In Sunflower County, Mississippi, Negro pupils of the eighth grade were found in 1950 to be four years and four months below the standard white norm in vocabulary, four years and three months below in English, three years and four months below in arithmetic, and three years and two months below in reading. Though not so far down, they were also considerably below the standard Negro norms in these same subjects.

Only fourteen per cent of the Negro teachers of Sunflower County had had four years of college preparation; less than half had had as much as one year of college; thirty-seven per cent had gone only

through the twelfth grade, and many of these had diplomas from unaccredited high schools. Teachers who have been poorly prepared in schools even more inadequate than those in which they teach will give only inadequate education to their pupils. But these are the teachers that Mississippi would have to use in amalgamated schools.

Of course the problem of nonsegregation in public schools is more acute in the South because there are so many more Negroes in the South than in the other regions of the country. According to 1950 census reports, there was approximately one Negro pupil to every three white pupils 5-13 years old in the sixteen Southern states; in the rest of the country, approximately one Negro pupil to every twenty white pupils. Many localities have higher or lower proportions than these; but one-third of the counties of Alabama have from 40 to 84.4 per cent Negro population. Successfully to amalgamate the races in the schools of Lee County, where I live, would be difficult enough because Lee County is 40.2 per cent nonwhite. But in Macon County, home of Tuskegee Institute, where the population is 84.4 per cent nonwhite, what would nonsegregation mean? Macon County had in 1950 798 white children 5-14 years old. They were outnumbered nearly seven to one by Negro children of the same ages—of whom there were 5,237. There were 93 white six-year-olds, 553 Negro. The white people of Macon County can look upon nonsegregation in their schools as nothing but cultural disaster.

The Yale sociologist Maurice Davie asserts that Negroes now lag about a generation behind the whites in education. Since this is so (and the lag may be even greater in the Deep South), Southern white parents feel that they would be foolhardy indeed to permit any wholesale amalgamation of the races in their schools. It is no wonder that they will do anything—zoning, gerrymandering of school districts, even legally abolishing the public schools—in order to preserve segregation.

IV

The people of New York City are probably in the best position to appreciate what nonsegregation would do to education in Alabama. It would be like moving into the slums, or like bringing hordes of children from the slums into the schools of the finest neighborhoods. For most Alabama Negroes live in crowded huts and shanties, they

are ignorant, they are dirty, they are frequently drunken and immoral, their reading matter is trashy or nonexistent, their speech is an ungrammatical *patois*. We may instantly acknowledge that they are often kind and lovable, that many of them work hard, and that they deserve respect. But such acknowledgment is beside the point. From these homes come the Negro students; from these homes come many of the Negro teachers. So nonsegregation would mean that the schools could not maintain decent educational standards because of the tremendous numbers of Negro pupils who come from substandard homes.

I trust that no one will think me merely priggish because I emphasize home conditions. I am no more priggish than are all the whites in the North who resist the movement of Negroes into restricted residential districts and who sell out and move away as soon as Negroes begin to dwell in homes even near white neighborhoods.

Southerners who are inclined to be tolerant speak of the Negro as amoral, not immoral. It may not matter greatly that the motherly-looking Negro woman walking by the courthouse jets a great splash of tobacco juice on the sidewalk, and an illegitimate baby now and then may not pose a serious threat to the morals of a community; but girls who are sexually experienced by the age of twelve create a school problem uncommon in most white schools, and the fact that most Negro families are started casually with no father in evidence goes to show the correctness of those who assert that the Alabama Negro is not civilized in the sense that the whites are. Some authorities estimate that there is ten times as much illegitimacy among Negroes as among whites. By and large, the Negro of the Deep South still does not recognize, perhaps does not understand, the moral standards of the white community.

The homicide rate of the South for 1952 was nearly four times that of the rest of the nation. It was so high because of the huge number of Negro homicides: the Negro homicide rate runs to more than five times that of whites in the South.

By and large, Alabama Negroes are still primitives, who, like other primitives, have taken over the vices of civilization but not its virtues. Their emotionality, which is so hard for them to bridle, leads them to excess. Their power of restraint, on which civilization rests, being so fragile, does not keep them within the pattern of white morality. One is likely constantly to be shocked by Negroes. A bright

and likable girl in her last year of high school wishes to be a nurse; white friends talk of helping to send her to nursing school; but shortly thereafter she has a baby—father unidentified. The scrawny, cock-eyed little maid of the people across the street, who has always seemed inoffensive enough, calls them up from the jail at midnight: she has been in a drunken brawl and has slashed her two-timing boy-friend. We hear on the authority of Negroes that in one Alabama community the Negro principal "takes advantage of" the girl pupils; yet he remains as principal, he is not denounced and removed. Occasionally, I suppose, a white principal may be guilty of moral turpitude; but Southerners are likely to give such a man short shrift, and one can only feel appalled at what would happen should any Negro teacher, or student, let his thoughts and hands stray in the direction of any white girl at school.

V

But if there were not too many of them at a time. . . . If the educational structure were not to be knocked askew. . . . If they were of the superior groups, educationally, economically, and culturally. . . . Would I object to having my children educated alongside those of Dr. Clement, the President of Atlanta University? Of course not. And I know a Negro house painter, for example, who is able, diligent, responsible, and highly respected. He has mastered a trade, set himself up in business, become well able to provide for his family, and, so far as I know, has never been on the wrong side of the law. I believe that his children and the children of the few other Negro families like his might attend our local white school without bringing down its standards—perhaps, for a beginning, to the number of 40 among 800 pupils. But if 1000 Negro pupils were to be amalgamated suddenly with 800 white pupils, the result would be an educational chaos; and if the 1000 were spaced out over sixteen years, the result would be, though not so appalling, a lowering of the present quality of education.

Horace Mann Bond, formerly Dean at Dillard, and now President of Lincoln University, has stated: "For the most part, the process of teaching involves a slow and tedious raising of standards of knowledge. It goes hand in hand with improvement in family organization, health, attendance, and economic and social status, and with the general extension on all sides of the civilizing process."

I believe then that the doctrine of gradualism ought to be applied in terms of the cultural level of the Negro families whose children are admitted to mixed schools. We might in the first year increase the white enrollment by five per cent who are Negro, and then gradually allow more Negroes to enter the mixed schools, say two per cent of the Negro school population each year. At this rate the amalgamation of the two races would take place in the schools of the Deep South over a period of about fifty years.

We would be admitting Negro students to mixed schools upon the same basis as we now admit them to graduate schools in some Southern states—upon their having qualified, or their families having qualified, for admission by reaching a satisfactory cultural level. The qualifications should include home conditions, education of parents, economic position, performance on standard achievement tests, good record of law observance, church membership, and high standing in the Negro community, possibly in terms of holding office in church or lodge. These are all evidences of intelligence and character. Negro teachers, their greater responsibilities considered, would be expected to meet correspondingly higher standards.

If nonsegregation in the schools of the South seems to the Negroes to be worth having, they must make up their minds, regardless of court decisions, to earn it through intelligence and character. Obviously the Negroes would gain eventually by being only gradually admitted to mixed schools; for the few admitted each year would come out with an education superior to that which they would have received if they had entered along with a horde of ill-qualified Negro pupils. Obviously also the white people of the Deep South, regardless of court decisions, will never permit any abrupt and wholesale de-segregation in their schools.

It seems to me that the only reasonable solution of this problem is the gradual policy that I have suggested—though I well know how huge an amount of emotional objection from both races such suggestions create. Nevertheless, does not this policy represent a standard to which the wise and honest of both races can repair?

Comment

By JONATHAN DANIELS

The difficulties Mr. Brittin reports are real. There is a danger that the quality of all education will be reduced. Unfortunately, while some of the backwardness of the Negro may be racial, much is due to the "gradualism" of the past. A part of the present tragic danger lies in the fact that the South has never maintained its own "separate but equal" promise. The result is that the Negroes now to be absorbed in unsegregated schools are less well equipped than the white children they will join. Something similar applies to the Negro teachers. We have been much too gradual in providing really equal opportunity and now are faced with too abrupt integration. That cannot all be blamed on the weaknesses of the Negro which Mr. Brittin describes. Furthermore, many of the things he says about the Negro were once said by well-to-do Southerners about the Southern "po' whites."

We have a serious situation before us. I have not seen any "plan" which will reduce its seriousness.

JONATHAN DANIELS has been confining his opinions on desegregation to the pages of the newspaper of which he is editor, the Raleigh (N.C.) *News and Observer*. But he consented, after reading Professor Brittin's article, to let the *Review* publish this brief comment.

The Realities and Ethics of Desegregation

By RAYFORD W. LOGAN

THE SUPREME COURT DECISION of May 17, 1954 which unanimously declared that segregation in public schools is unconstitutional has provoked widespread discussion of practically every aspect of Negro-white relations in the United States. Some of the most important topics include the enforceability of an unpopular decision; the nature and susceptibility to cure of race prejudice; intermarriage; the morals, economic status and intelligence of Negroes; the capacity of Negro teachers; the police powers of states; methods of evading or nullifying the Supreme Court decision; gradualism versus the "fell-swoop"; the political and international implications of the decision; the ethics of segregation.

One hears again the famous dictum of William Graham Sumner that "Stateways cannot change folkways." That is to say that it is futile for government to seek through judicial, legislative or executive means to overcome deeply rooted attitudes and behavior. Like most dicta, this one is too sweeping. The failure of prohibition is the classic example to justify it. A law to prohibit smoking or to require intermarriage of persons of different races, religions and cultures would similarly fail. On the other hand, the civil rights law of Ohio, after having been violated for many years, is now being enforced in many parts of the state. The Supreme Court decision, Smith *v.* Allwright, 1944, has resulted in a wider use of the suffrage by Southern Negroes than at any time since Reconstruction despite the threat that, if the

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RAYFORD W. LOGAN was one of the historians who helped prepare background for the briefs filed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. His most recent book is *The Negro in American Life and Thought: the Nadir, 1877-1901* (Dial Press, 1954). Since 1938 he has been Professor of History at Howard University.

Court ruled in favor of the Negro, "blood will flow in the streets of Texas." State FEPC laws have given Negroes jobs which had previously been denied them. Presidential executive orders have also considerably increased job opportunities for Negroes. At one time it was asserted that the armed forces were no place for social experimentation. Today they are largely integrated even in the Deep South. A Supreme Court decision opened hotels and restaurants in Washington, D.C., to Negroes. Theatres did not wait for an order from the Court. Other Supreme Court decisions removed the abominable curtains or partitions in dining cars in the Deep South and the exclusion of Negroes from classrooms in institutions of higher learning.

To be sure, none of these decisions, laws or executive orders has fully achieved its purpose. What decisions, laws or executive orders have done so? Yet they have invalidated the dogmatic assertion of Sumner.

It does not follow, however, that desegregation in public schools will meet the same degree of success as have the instances cited. For desegregation arouses fear of intermarriage or of sexual relations without benefit of clergy. In whatever form discussion of the problem may be disguised, fundamentally this fear dominates the thinking of most opponents of desegregation. Some opponents candidly reveal their fear. Negroes, they say, are immoral, amoral, diseased, more virile or passionate than are whites. I heard the same assertions about French people when I landed in France during World War I. In the period after World War II we read about German women who would sell their bodies for a cigarette. "Free love" in Communist Russia has been used as an argument to prove the immorality or amorality of Communism. The fact that many African women are nude from the waist up has been advanced as evidence of the backwardness of Africa despite the fact that today many magazines of national circulation and many daily newspapers portray women in décolleté gowns that are more suggestive than the nudity of African women. Juvenile delinquency in the United States, without regard to race, has been attributed to the lustful desires created among young people by even whodunits and comic books. One has only to read the daily newspapers to be convinced that sex crimes committed by youths are by no means confined to any race or economic status.

Practically no one seems aware of the fact that many colored parents are as much alarmed about the fate of their daughters as are white parents. In any society the men and boys of the "superior race" have little compunction about despoiling the women and girls of the "inferior race." The legal sanctions against their crimes are less severe than in the cases of the opposite numbers. This two-way problem should not be ignored.

On the whole, however, there have been few cases of intermarriage or of sexual intercourse without benefit of clergy in states where mixed schools have existed for many years, or a few years, and where intermarriage is permitted by law. It is, therefore, difficult to believe that "social equality" will prevail in the South where intermarriage is forbidden by law. Even in Indiana where desegregation has been recently instituted interracial dancing is frowned upon. Interracial dating in most Northern states is the exception rather than the rule.

But, it is argued, most persons behave in accordance with their beliefs and not in accordance with facts. This argument can hardly be gainsaid. It is especially apposite in the instant case. And all the more so because of the persistence of beliefs carried over from the days of slavery. White slaveholders had colored concubines and even titular mistresses. By what psychologists rightly call a transferal of guilt their descendants fear that colored men wish to wreak upon them vengeance for their liberties with colored women. White women harbor resentment against both their menfolk and colored women. Mary Boykin Chestnut, the wife of a rich South Carolina planter, poured out her bitterness in memorable passages in her *A Diary from Dixie* against the slave system which permitted Southern gentlemen to live "like the patriarchs of old, . . . all in one house with their wives and concubines; and the mulattoes one sees in every family partly resemble the white children."

Marxists contend, moreover, that the denial of "social equality" is only a subterfuge for the purpose of denying economic equality. This assertion ignores the deeply rooted opposition of most whites, North and South, to the mixing of the races. It is none the less true that economic equality has been retarded by the denial of social equality.

It would seem that, up to this point, I have been arguing the case for the opponents of desegregation. I have done so because of the

recollection of Abraham Lincoln's injunction that before going into court he could argue his opponent's case at least as well as could the latter. Let us now present the plaintiff's case.

Despite all the evidence and arguments to the contrary, the South is emancipating itself from its prejudices. The case histories of a few Southern girls are persuasive if not convincing. One lost her prejudices when she saw a colored girl in a Northern school whose clothes were more chic than hers. Another, when a colored student made better grades than she did. A third, when she met a Martinquais professor of French at Howard University whose manners were as charming as those of the best type of Southern gentleman. These and many other case histories would seem to justify the belief that attitudes change only as the result of personal experiences in which emotions play a large part. But a white professor in a Southern girls' school is convinced as the result of more than twenty years of experience that the acquisition of knowledge reduces the emotional area in which prejudice thrives. The belief that Negroes are inferior wavers when the student learns about the African kingdoms of Ghana, Melle and Songhay that had a civilization comparable to that in Europe at the same time; the bronzes of Benin; the ruins at Zimbabwe; the works of Alexandre Dumas, *père* and *fils*; the poetry of Pushkin; the paintings of Henry O. Tanner; the part played by Dr. Charles R. Drew in developing blood plasma and the blood bank; the wizardry of George Washington Carver; the appointment of Benjamin O. Davis, Jr., as a general in the Air Force. I do not consider equally important the achievements of Negroes in sports and singing because these are supposed to be natural "gifts" of Negroes.

The demurral will, of course, be entered that these are exceptional Negroes. But are not most men and women, regardless of race, who have achieved eminence "exceptional"? I believe that the evidence shows that, when Negroes have been given equal opportunity, their performance is equal. Especially in the Deep South they have been denied this equality of opportunity. But it must also be admitted that many whites have been denied the opportunity to develop their full potential. It is easy to point out the economic and social differences between the lowest class of Negroes and the best class of whites. But, having lived in the Deep South for five years, I know that there are many white students who would retard the development of many

colored children and that there are many white teachers who are inferior to colored teachers. Indeed, in a state like North Carolina, for example, many colored teachers are superior in training, experience and culture to many white teachers. Because of the inadequate facilities provided for graduate work many colored teachers went to superior schools in the North while many white teachers attended inferior schools in the South. The fact that industry and business offer more opportunities at better wages to whites than to Negroes is an additional reason why many colored teachers are superior to white.

The Supreme Court decision of May 17 was probably motivated by the desire to give moderate opinion in the South an opportunity to discover means to implement the decision in orderly fashion. Extremists on both sides have been perhaps more vocal than have the moderates. By very definition this difference should have been expected. Moreover, moderate expressions have been surprisingly strong and authoritative. Senator Stennis of Mississippi urged "caution and deliberation." Senator Long of Louisiana declared: "Although I completely disagree with the decision, my oath of office requires me to accept it as law." Dr. Channing H. Tobias, Chairman of the Board of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, advised: "It is important that calm reasonableness prevail, that the difficulties of adjustment be realized, and that without any sacrifice of basic principles the spirit of give and take characterize the discussions." Mr. Thurgood Marshall, Director of the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund—"Mr. Civil Rights"—has stated that full integration would take about five years and would be done amicably.

Realistic students of the Southern scene must take cognizance of the support given by large numbers of white people to proposals to invoke the Tenth Amendment, to change public schools to private schools, to close public schools completely, to have in the same community all-white, all-colored and integrated schools, to retard in various ways any decree for implementation and even to defy any such decree. The vote on the amendment to change public schools in Georgia to private schools was surprisingly close—roughly 190,000 to 170,000. But most of the negative votes were cast in the larger cities where whites are more enlightened and where Negroes are more active participants in politics than in rural areas. In Virginia strongest opposition to desegregation comes from the "black counties" in the

southern part of the state while strongest support is voiced in the counties across the Potomac from Washington where many Northerners reside. Florida recognizes the possibility of moving more rapidly toward integration in those counties that have relatively large numbers of Northerners and relatively small numbers of colored children.

The experiences in states outside the South are also revealing. Even prior to the Supreme Court decision integration in such cities as New York, Detroit and Chicago was limited largely by the fact that large numbers of Negroes are concentrated in a few neighborhoods. There is considerable evidence to support the assertion that real estate dealers have cooperated with school authorities to prevent Negroes from moving into other areas for the purpose of keeping schools in those areas largely white. Milford, Delaware, illustrates the difficulty of integration in opposition to the determination of large numbers of whites to prevent it, especially when they are aroused by an outside demagogue. The city of Baltimore is integrated on a small scale. Elsewhere in Maryland the issue is still being argued. The capital of the nation, spurred on by President Eisenhower's hope that it would serve as a model for the rest of the nation, has accelerated the time-table for integration. Most Negro spokesmen contend that the pace is too slow and that the scope of integration is too limited. Many white spokesmen assert that it is too fast and too extensive and point to statistics which seem to indicate a decline in the number of white students in mixed schools as evidence of the "flight from desegregation." On the other hand, the prompt and energetic action of school authorities and of police officials, supported by the daily newspapers, promptly stopped what might have been a large-scale strike by white students. Kansas has asked for more time to carry out its program of integration.

It would seem, therefore, that the pattern of desegregation must be limited and gradual. This is, of course, particularly true in the South which feels that it has suffered its worst defeat since the Civil War and Reconstruction. While deploring the vestiges of the pre-Civil War and Reconstruction attitudes and prejudices, Negroes can not dismiss them. On the other hand, some whites are unwilling to accept the evidence of the very real progress that the South has made toward the reduction of the intensity and scope of these attitudes and prejudices. Some labor union leaders, editors, churchmen, educators,

leaders of such organizations as the YWCA and the Quakers and the migration of some two million Negroes have greatly altered the climate of opinion. Instead of seeking arguments or even pretexts to impede this dynamic change in the South, responsible Southern whites should earnestly advocate as rapid integration as local circumstances will permit. Since whites control the government, the press and industry in the South, the success or failure of integration will fall squarely upon them.

They must not be unmindful of the political and international implications of their actions. Largely as a result of the migration of some two million Negroes to the North, the "Negro problem" which some writers call the "white man's problem" has become a national problem. It would be most regrettable if it should again become a sectional problem. The one-party system in the South has recently shown signs of cracking. It would be deplorable if the Republican administration should be held responsible for desegregation with a resultant revival of the one-party system. The Supreme Court decision has been the most dramatic and effective reply to Soviet criticism of the shortcomings of democracy in the United States. Despite the current *détente* in the Cold War, the United States can not let down its guard in the ideological struggle. Soviet propaganda would have a field day if, after the great exaltation following the decision, implementation should be stymied.

Finally, appeals to religion have gained greater currency than at any time in recent American history. Opponents of desegregation have, of course, invoked the Bible and their own interpretation of religion to justify segregation just as slaveholders sought to justify slavery. Unless this religious crusade has the strength to apply Christian and ethical principles to desegregation, the number of disillusioned scoffers will almost certainly increase. It is not too much to say that undue prolonging of segregation will weaken the moral posture of the United States in world affairs and will make the "American Dream" seem like a myth.

Conscience and the Constitution

By PETER A. CARMICHAEL

AFTER NEARLY A CENTURY a new emancipation proclamation makes real what has been only nominal or fictitious. The public school desegregation decision of the United States Supreme Court abolishes, as far as judicial action can, one of the most conspicuous vestiges of American slavery. It rescues, as far as law can, the still oppressed Negro, and eases the way for the white oppressor to throw off the shackles of his mind, to rid himself of his peculiar, superinduced complex and become free himself. It actualizes the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment by making unambiguous and concrete the rights of Negroes in public education.

Enlightened citizens whose minds are not subverted by inscrutable passion will hardly feel any qualms about the new freedom. The decision makes no imposition on them, but lifts a dark burden from their conscience. They need make no more apologies or be tempted to confabulate *ad hoc*, self-deluding justifications for what they are ashamed of—so far, at least, as segregation in schools is concerned. For the conscientious, reflective Southerner this is a new day.

A perceptive individual can hardly be at ease knowing that what he professes and cherishes he also denies. He can hardly fail to see hypocrisy in the attempt to maintain such contradiction, or fail to spurn it once he has seen it. In particular, he, or anyone else, cannot uphold the ideal of equal rights (to which all Americans owe profound obligation, and for which the founders of the American nation risked their lives)—he cannot do this and also be a party to a systematic and legalized denial of such rights to any citizens. He cannot support the Constitution and condone a system which presupposes

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PETER A. CARMICHAEL is no newcomer to the pages of the *Antioch Review* ("Labor's Deeper Reckoning," winter, 1945; "The White Problem in the South," summer, 1949; "Antisocial Medicine," spring, 1954). He is Professor of Philosophy at Louisiana State University.

unequal citizenship. Nor can he, without absurdity, declaim against Communism or Nazism if committed to as bad himself: to subjugation and deprivation of the minority under sanctions of both law and force.

The idea that the South has been making progress towards solving "the Negro problem," and only needs to be let alone, is a specious defense, hardly worthy of a reflective mind. It is true that progress, in some strange sense of the word, has been made. Lynching hardly ever occurs now, for instance. Negroes ride beside whites in airplanes and dine with them in railroad cars—mostly, I believe, at one end of the car. School buildings lately provided for Negroes are said to equal those provided for white children. A few Negroes go to white colleges, not, however, because of the South's progress but because of the Supreme Court's. But although such changes are a decided improvement in the Negro's lot, it seems paradoxical to call them progress. Where law and justice are concerned, progress is of no more relevancy than where honesty and trustworthiness are concerned; anyone is either honest or not, trustworthy or not, and one either obeys the law or not, and is or is not just, according to acknowledged concepts of justice. It is hardly more to a man's credit to say that he is making progress towards lawfulness than to say he is making progress towards honesty. Regeneration is the only creditable course for such a one, in the eyes of the world.

Moreover, the "progress" is limited to the bounds of "the Negro's place." That is an undefined region, except in one respect: it is wholly separate from or else subordinate to the white. The South does not much care, I think it can be said, that the Constitution in unmistakable terms prohibits classes of citizenship and guarantees to all the equal protection of the laws. Some Negroes, the South cheerfully admits, are good citizens, though not good enough for a white person to sit by and not good enough to hold office much above that of a policeman. But the Constitution does not acknowledge such inequalities or, I suppose, imply them. Correspondingly, the South, to that extent, does not acknowledge the Constitution.

Special privilege is an odious thing to a democracy. Much of the Constitution seems conceived with the purpose of precluding it. The guarantees of equal protection of the laws and against discriminatory legislation are an express security against it. But the segregation states

have used the law to favor whites: used it to gain advantage for one element at the cost of the rest. This, to a layman, is manifest and flagrant nullification of the Constitution.

II

The fault, however, is not entirely with the segregation states. If it were, why is the country, and the Supreme Court, nearly a century acknowledging it? Since 1868, the year the Fourteenth Amendment was adopted, the Court has had good opportunity to make an end of segregation. There have been half a dozen cases before it involving the question. Until now, the Court has upheld segregation.

Either it was not the intention of the country to legislate racial integration in the schools by way of the Fourteenth Amendment or if it was, then the country, including the Supreme Court, has till now reversed that intention. But it can hardly be presumed that such a reversal has come about—so easily, so quietly, and with the ratification of the Court (as in the 1896 decision in *Plessy* versus *Ferguson* upholding segregation and, by the way, pointing out that segregation was lawfully practiced in Boston schools, for example, and likewise in the District of Columbia under an act of Congress). That segregation was thus legalized is accordingly a sign that integration was not intended in the Amendment. I believe it is well known, furthermore, that much positive warrant exists, in the legislative history of the Amendment, for denying that integration was intended or so much as contemplated.

The Supreme Court, not Congress or the states, has therefore remade the law by its decision of 1954. The effect upon segregation states, especially in the South where race means so much more, is the same as that of a fiat issued by a foreign power. What was the law, the express and overwhelming will of the people and their governments, vindicated too by the Supreme Court heretofore, has been overridden. It won't do to say that it is not the *law* but the *outlaw* that has been overridden; for the jural reality was established *de facto* and *de jure* for nearly two centuries. There must be something out of order somewhere. What it is, is apparent in the Court's 1954 pronouncements.

The Court acknowledges that equality between white and Negro schools has been attained in some places, in such respects as buildings,

curricula, qualifications and salaries of teachers, and "other 'tangible' factors." Then, in what seems a singular *non sequitur*, it declares: "Our decision, therefore, cannot turn on merely a comparison of these tangible factors in the Negro and white schools involved. . . . We must look instead to the effect of segregation itself on public education." Then it says that it "cannot turn back the clock . . . even to 1896 when *Plessy* versus *Ferguson* was written" but must "consider public education in the light of its full development and its present place in American life throughout the Nation." Now if the Court must consider so much—it is content to assert that segregation generates a feeling of inequality and to give citations to several books on psychological and sociological matters—then presumably it intends to be governed by the findings. But no. It looks elsewhere for the premise to its decision. It says that separate educational facilities are "inherently unequal."

Now such a proposition is neither factual nor axiomatic. There are certainly many inequalities; yet it cannot be said that no equalities occur, unless a national canvass has been thoroughly conducted from time to time and has produced none. But no such canvass has been made. And wherein could the proposition be thought to be axiomatic? There is nothing illogical in supposing that two schools can be equal —and logicality is the sole test of an axiom. I imagine that Harvard men would valiantly defend the proposition that Harvard is equal to Yale, and that Yale men are satisfied that Yale is equal to Harvard; and I am sure that Central High School would not think of admitting inferiority to West End High, and vice versa. Large classes in colleges are sectioned and taught by different teachers—male, female, white, yellow, black. The colleges, students, and public reckon them equal. This must be wrong if the Supreme Court's premise, that separation implies inequality, is right. Since that premise is evidently untenable, yet is the express ground of the Court's decision, what shall we say?

Respect for the Court suggests a closer consideration. The premise, to state it again, in the Court's words, is this:

"Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal."

Now certainly there is some difference between any separated things, though not necessarily the difference signified by "unequal." Two pennies, for instance, are different, but not unequal. Mere sep-

aration, as of a piece of chalk into two pieces, may do no more than destroy an identity. Things separated are of course not identical. Separate educational facilities are inherently unidentical.

Does the Court mean *inherently unidentical*, in its dictum, rather than *inherently unequal*? If so, then certainly it has exceeded the Constitution's guarantees, since they are not guarantees of identical protection but only of equal protection—nor could a government secure identical protection, since its operation is necessarily diverse, separate, not unitary. If the Court presumes identical protection, it presumes the impossible. If it presumes only equal protection, it flies in the face of both fact and reason in asserting that such is *inherently* precluded by separation.

Then is the ground of the decision something other than the express dictum? Either it is or else the decision rests on patent error.

Possibly the ground is not just the one, or not principally the one, the Court expressly invokes. Possibly it is not the formalistic, *a priori* proposition, that separation entails inequality, but is to be found in what the Court says about effects of segregation. But the little adduced under that head, in the written opinion of the Court, is far from conclusive. It seems only incidental to another and dominant theme, the theme of inherent inequality under segregation. The Court says, "To separate them [children] from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community. . . ." How do we know this? I believe the laws segregate whites as they do Negroes. Then are we to understand that whites develop a feeling of inferiority in consequence? Suppose the pupils are not "of similar age and qualifications," some being retarded; will integration annul all sense of inferiority—may it not intensify it? The question is hypothetical, but then so is the Court's assertion about inferiority hypothetical (in 1896, in *Plessy* versus *Ferguson* the Court's decision turned on "the underlying fallacy" of supposing that segregation of railway passengers "stamps the colored race with a badge of inferiority"). And since the Court prudently specifies "similar age and qualifications," we may ask, What of dissimilar age and qualifications—shall we understand that they are not counted in reaching the decision? If they are not, why does the decision not exempt them? Few could object, unless from rank prejudice, to some kind of integration of pupils having equal qualifications. In disregard-

ing the unequal and speaking as if equality were the only thing in evidence in this regard, the Court has not distinguished itself for soundness, let alone loftiness, of judgment.

If to reach its decision the Court had to look to the effects of segregation, that must mean that the decision was to be determined by such effects. But could the Court look sufficiently? Was it the appropriate agency to do that? Has anyone, or any agency, of unquestioned qualification—whatever that would be—looked sufficiently? To such questions the only probable answer is No. So if the Court intimates that its decision is founded on a demonstration that the effects of segregation are unequal protection of the laws, then again we are not convinced. Moreover, suppose the findings included cases of equality (which in all likelihood are to be found); then if the Court were really going by effects, such cases would have to be exempted from the verdict. Since none are exempted, of course, a reasonable mind can only conclude that the Court was not in fact proceeding upon such a premise—was not applying the test of the consequence, the criterion of results.

If the law, the whole pertinent legal reality from the time of the Fourteenth Amendment's adoption down to 1954, validated segregation (as it most strongly seems to have done), and if segregation was now to be abolished, then the Constitution required changing—a matter not for the Court but for Congress and the states. If you are a fast-and-loose constructionist, you may say that the Supreme Court can properly change the Constitution, by interpretation, as in the segregation cases. This presumes that interpreting the Constitution is the same as, or includes, changing it. In a certain sense that is so: the sense of fixing a meaning which differs from what some of us may have presupposed. But then the only change is from the meaning we thought the Constitution had to the one the Court says it has. That is not changing the Constitution; it is only determining officially what shall be its meaning; which of course has to be done since otherwise we might have chaos.

The trouble is, in the segregation cases, that the grounds the Court gives for its interpretation are specious. To say that separation of schools in itself entails inequality, is nothing more than an arbitrary dictum. To presume that separation is everywhere followed by unequal opportunity, is to take for granted a proposition which only a universal

canvass of schools could verify; and we have no such canvass. Yet these are the grounds for the Court's decision and, with it, its repudiation of the decision of half a century ago. Were the Court to judge other questions before it on premises as specious as these, it could transform the Constitution to the point where its meanings would be the opposite of what, according to the same Court in the past, they have been and had to be.

III

And yet the Court's decision is heartening to persons who love freedom, who shrink from cruel prejudice and the blighting of lives, who deplore that narrowness and callousness of mind which the legalized subjugation of the Negro has reciprocally generated, by an irony of justice, in the white himself. To such persons it perhaps matters rather little what legal instrument is used to rectify so deep a wrong as the forced degradation of their fellow citizens for no other reason than race. The Supreme Court's logic might be, to these, seriously at fault and the decision yet be wholly just and desirable.[1] With them, conscience comes first; it is the author of causes and constitutions, not they of it. By it slavery was abolished and remains abolished. By its dictate no one is worthy to say to another, "You are not wholly a man, you are outside the pale." Before it, all men are created equal and, as tenants of the earth, remain equal, each being simply one. To presume to deny this would be to deny the principle, the one ultimate security, of every free man.

Thoughtfulness, however, does not forget that conscience may be blind. "Obey thy conscience! But first be sure it is not the conscience of an ass." Further, it may be very presumptuous and dangerous for any man to suppose that his conscience is above reproach and another man's not. Yet further, conscience is not aloof to realities. Sloth, in-

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[1]Not that its logic is a matter of indifference, for illogicality is wholly vicious and may take toll of all parties. It is a curious thing that although the adjudication of questions of law often demands applications of logic beyond the competence of persons not well trained in that discipline, we never hear of a court retaining a logician as a consultant. C. S. Peirce observed that each of us is satisfied that he himself is endowed with logic, but not satisfied that others are. The techniques and resources of logic are such that to suppose we have them by nature is like supposing we have higher mathematics or violin technique by nature.

fidelity, mischief, nuisance—it is hard to make a case in behalf of such, to conscience. The display of realities in Professor Norman A. Brittin's able and instructive article in this *Review*, which the editors have kindly permitted me to see in advance, is something neither reason nor conscience can dismiss.

Still, greater than that display of hard realities is the principle of human freedom; greater, at any rate, if we are aware of our own dependence on it and are not possessed by prejudice or incapable of seeing beyond the irritations of the moment. This is the principle that came to expression in Magna Carta, in the Declaration of Independence, and in the Declaration of the Rights of Man. It seems to be expressed anew in the Supreme Court's desegregation decision.

Since the issue had been raised, the United States had to choose between freedom and vestigial slavery. That the choice was freedom, regardless of whether it was made by judicial decision rather than by amending the Constitution, is a gain for mankind. The alternative to it, which would have confessed that we were so poor in humane attainment, so benighted or so callous, that we could not stand freedom, would have dishonored the heritage of America.

A Southerner, seconded perhaps by a Detroiter, a Chicagoan, and others, may say, "Words, words. A Negro is a Negro and a white man is a white man, and nothing can rub out the difference. It is profoundly unrealistic to pretend otherwise. Doing so only invites trouble. Segregation in some form will always exist."

So it may. That is all a matter, here, of how far the law is real and how far it is enforced. Law is more or less a hope, and only partially effective. No doubt the enforcement procedure in school segregation cases will sooner or later bring offenders before juries. Will these convict? We shall see. Will Negro teachers (who for some time to come can hardly expect to be retained in integrated schools in the South) bring suit against segregation of teachers? If they do, will the Supreme Court overreach Congress and hand down an F.E.P.C. law? It takes no divination to foresee that stratagems will be found as needed for circumventing desegregation, whatever law is behind it, and that oppression and dissension may be intensified in the process.

But oppression, dissension, and defiance do not solve the problem. Quite the opposite. Nor are they the only recourse, even for implacable segregationists.

Suppose it is found that large numbers of Negro pupils stand below white pupils in accomplishment. Then it may be pedagogically justifiable to segregate them by rooms or buildings. That would be quite legitimate, if done in good faith. Inevitably, it would entail the mingling of unretarded Negro pupils with white pupils. But since the number would, presumably, be small, conditions would approximate those in states where the Negro population is small. Southern opinion more or less concedes that nonsegregation in those states is proper; hence it would have to concede the same for the South wherever the mingling was no larger.

Putting the whole matter on pedagogical grounds is the same as putting it beyond blighting prejudice and discord. It would oblige the schools to return to reason, in one respect: grading; for grading would then have to be by performance rather than by years in school. One can imagine that that itself would be a brace for education. It would put merit first; and merit is neither white nor black.

Preoccupation with merit might be expected to have liberalizing effects on both the schools and the pupils. It might be expected to open hitherto closed minds to at least the vision of a state at which it makes no difference what color a meritorious pupil or teacher is. Even the contemplation of that state, by minds long fettered by prejudice, must be, after the first shock, a happy experience, a foretaste of freedom. If a man is capable of the full fare—capable of freedom—this realization seems to emerge: that depriving others or putting them in bondage, only binds him to them; for it, like prepossession with wealth, requires thought, scheming, vigilance, action, all of it a toll upon his own prospects of freedom.

Perhaps freedom is indeed too much for the complacency of most men. Perhaps that is the final answer to questions about segregation: men who are not free themselves are not the ones to make others free. Happily, there is a liberating force or destiny in minds and affairs against which the enemies of freedom find it harder and harder to contend.

The Hockey Forward and Mankind

By George Abbe

Cutting, as will the saw within the wood,
the angry line to cleavage,
cool ice dust clouding the air,
the forward barrels against the grain of space,
breaking gnarled knots of rage—
checking defensemen heavy against his mood.

He guns the alley, is struck, staggers . . . and there,
there at net's mouth the crouched-and-padded waits;
and gathering teeth and blood he snaps the live blade,
the rubber, low and screaming across smoked light.

The white net takes it, yielding as girl's flesh might.
And swerving . . . stumbling at outer rim of shot,
he sees the crowd, instant with roaring, the scorer's red flash.

If we could hurl our present on future like this,
crowding on strength for devout and selfless dash,
some assault on terror and war's woe . . .
then . . . then the clicking win, the red bulb's kiss
could tell us man had sliced through smoky fear,
was harbored in white nets, the yielding flesh of peace.

The watching stars would roar, the universe cheer.

George Abbe's poetry has appeared in more than thirty magazines. His most recent collection of verse is *The Wide Plains Roar* (World Fellowship, Inc., Conway, New Hampshire).

It Cuts Both Ways

By WILLIAM GORDON

A WHITE SOUTHERNER who had become bored with life in the South once remarked that segregation is like a two-edged sword; it cuts both ways leaving its victims with wounds difficult to heal.

In a certain Southern community where legal segregation still prevails, the white school superintendent had been unsuccessfully searching for a music teacher for the white schools in the area. The one available teacher was a Negro. Legal segregation in the public schools made it prohibitive for him to teach white youngsters. The result: the Negro pupils got the benefit of a good teacher while the white pupils suffered. The superintendent was perfectly willing to use the teacher since he was available and capable, but legal segregation prohibited him from doing so.

Let me quote the recent words of a Southern university professor: "Segregation in any form brands its victims with a stigma of inferiority. There are many people South and North who deplore the practices. What they really want is removal of the legal barrier. And let alone, they will solve the problems in a manner surprising to many Americans."

The main problem in the South stems not from the pupils, and in many instances not from the parents, and in a large measure not from the school superintendents. People who have been working with the problems of inadequate school buildings, inferior personnel and outmoded methods in education know that the dual pattern is archaic. But there is the question of community thinking, the danger of economic reprisals and "what will happen to me if I move first."

WILLIAM GORDON has been a Nieman Fellow at Harvard University (1952-53) and he has published articles on social and economic problems in the South in the *New Leader* and other magazines. He is managing editor of the *Atlanta Daily World*.

Also to be considered is the position the South finds itself in today. Crippled economically and politically, the region reflects a retarded social outlook. Its own ills will take a long time to heal. All this and more may help explain why the South is always slow in accepting social change.

This may also account for the emergence of "hate groups" which thrive on the South's ignorance. Arthur Levin, Regional Director of the Anti-Defamation League with offices in Atlanta, reports that following the United States Supreme Court's decision against segregation in the public schools a number of such groups mushroomed throughout the South. In place of rope and faggot, they use economic pressure or conspire with others to molest their victims.

One night last spring crosses, symbols of the Ku Klux Klan, were burned in several Florida towns. One was burned in front of the Pensacola High School. These outbreaks occurred only three days after the May 17th decision of the United States Supreme Court.

In Mississippi an organization known as the Citizens' Council has set up eighty-two chapters to maintain segregation by means of economic pressure in each of the state's eighty-two counties. One of the leaders in the movement, a member of the state legislature, said the councils are not hooded groups and violence would not be a part of their program. But the organization's prospectus describes the council's program as the "application of economic pressure to troublemakers."

A reporter on the Birmingham *News* (last September 20) describes the "Citizens' Councils" in these words:

> A refined descendant of the Ku Klux Klan is riding again in the South to protect Dixie's school system from the United States Court.
>
> This time there are no bed sheet robes, no violence thus far, and none of the ritual mumbo-jumbo of the night riders of the Reconstruction era.
>
> In place of the bull whips, the new citizens' councils have substantial economic pressure to handle what they term agitators—both white and Negro—who think the Supreme Court way rather than the Southern way of segregation.

Such pressure tactics were used against a Negro dentist in Columbus, Mississippi. Dr. E. I. Stringer, President of the state NAACP, had been operating a restaurant in an American Legion hall without complaint or incident. The restaurant was closed recently by the State Chancery Court following a complaint that the place was a "public

and private nuisance." According to a news report in the Atlanta *Journal* and *Constitution*, September 21, 1954, the charter of the American Legion (Negro Post) 229 was suspended by the state Legion commander.

Leaders of the "Citizens' Councils," according to Mr. Levin, are hoping that their movement will spread to other Southern states. In recent months other groups have emerged. There is, for example, the National Association for the Advancement of White People; the National Association for the Preservation of the White Race, Inc., of Augusta, Georgia; The National Association for the Advancement and Protection of the Majority of White People, Inc., Griffin, Georgia; The Southerners, Mobile, Alabama; Florida States Rights, Inc., Miami, Florida; Heritage Crusade, Gulfport, Mississippi, and the Anti-Jewish Protective Association, St. Louis, Missouri.

Intimidation and coercion can assume many forms. Hate groups thrive on the ignorance of the South; and they employ disruption, tension and hatred.

Evidence, however, will support the fact that the kind of action exhibited by these groups does not reflect majority thinking in the South. Many people, and white at that, know that legal segregation is a dying issue and that what emerges in the form of groups, organizations or individuals striving to preserve the "old Southern tradition" is merely a convulsion after a death blow.

Immediately following the Supreme Court's May 17th decision some areas became anxious to put school desegregation into motion, at least to the extent where it would work in their respective communities.

In Tennessee, plans have been submitted to end segregation. Said Solicitor General A. B. Humphrey of that state: "As we see it now, the question of whether there will be segregation was settled by the decision last May. We see no point in further arguing that point. Instead, we are presenting our ideas about how the ending of segregation can be carried out with minimum disturbance in our public school system."

Other border states, including New Mexico, Arizona, West Virginia, Delaware, Arkansas, Missouri and Oklahoma, have already entered on plans of desegregation. We are all familiar with the action in the District of Columbia where plans are well advanced to com-

plete full integration by the fall of 1955 in spite of some "incidents." Some minor disturbances are to be expected.

As the New York *Times* observed editorially, desegregation will take some time. It implies a "revolution in the thinking and customs of some citizens which cannot be accomplished overnight." This factor apparently weighed heavily with the Supreme Court when it called for cooperation of the states in working out careful procedures to implement the decision.

The problem of desegregation in the South stems not from protests made by students, parents and school officials as some would try to make people believe. The source of disorder, it seems, are political leaders and special interest groups who profit from segregation. The Private School Plan voted on by the people of Georgia and the Linder Plan of the same state appear to be instruments used to frighten the people into hysteria, confusion and hate. Through propaganda, people have been made to fear that desegregated schools will mean mixing of the races socially and subsequent intermarriage. Evidence of this has never come forth in any other part of the country where Negroes and whites have been attending the same schools, working on an equal basis and attending the same places of public accommodation.

The Linder Plan of Georgia proposes a psychiatric examination for all Georgians who select the attendance of mixed schools. "There ain't gonna be many," says Linder in his bucolic style, "who haven't got enough good cornfield gumption to go to a school with their own race."

The Linder Plan also calls for a written agreement with teachers to work in a segregated school. "If they won't sign, we'll tell them, we don't need them nohow to teach in no schools. You can just git in the road and git along." *Georgia Farmers' Market Bulletin*, June 30, 1954; Atlanta *Constitution*, August 6, 1954; and Atlanta *Journal*, August 8, 1954.

Often the seeds of political bigotry have been sown on virgin soil. In a certain Southern city where Negro and white girl scouts were meeting together for the first time, a little girl remarked to her mother as she entered the building where the group was to assemble: "Look, Mother, even the maids have on girl scout uniforms today." Obviously embarrassed, the mother tried to direct the child's attention to something else.

But there are emerging groups and organizations which deplore the sort of thinking advocated by politicians and rabble-rousers.

The Emory University student newspaper, the *Emory Wheel*, in a front page editorial said recently: "The greatest effort which Emory could make toward relieving racial strain in the South and toward improving the lot of both the white and colored people would be action toward the admittance of qualified Negroes to the University." Emory is privately endowed.

There are other groups with similar attitudes. Church women, meeting in Atlanta June 24, 1954, and representing fifteen Southern states declared in a resolution regarding the Supreme Court's decision: "Because of our high calling in Christ Jesus, we reaffirm our belief in human brotherhood and the inclusiveness of Christian fellowship. Therefore we feel we are impelled to promote a Christian society in which segregation is no longer a burden upon the human spirit." The resolution further states: "We are charged with the responsibility of the training of children and youth. We accept with humility the outlawing of separate schools and feel that such should work toward a Christian society."

Since this meeting the Georgia Conference of the Methodist Church and many other groups have asked compliance with the Supreme Court's decision; the result is to create a favorable climate in the South for desegregation. Such action, in the long run, will offset disruption, confusion, the shouting of politicians and the waving of the red flag of prejudice.

Outlawing of the White Primary in the South, some said, would cause "blood to flow in the streets." The results have been just the opposite.

Young white politicians running for public office in the South do not view the ballot in terms of color prejudice. They frequently attend political rallies held in the Negro communities and they bring their families with them. One writer recalls several rallies during the recent Georgia primary election where whites and Negroes met and mingled on a strictly equal basis. There is no account of a single unfavorable incident. Negroes, on the other hand, when running for office in the South have been known to appear before white audiences with equal respect.

When Dr. Rufus E. Clement, President of Atlanta University, announced he would run for a seat on the Atlanta Board of Education, some expressed doubt as to time, feeling that an unfavorable state administration might cause trouble. But Dr. Clement ignored this and ran, winning by a large majority. His opponent was a white man who had been in office for over twenty years. Most of Dr. Clement's votes came from white people.

Such stories are becoming more numerous in the South. Negroes have been elected to public offices in Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina. In Gainesville, Georgia, two Negroes were named to the city board of education a few weeks following the May 17th Supreme Court decision. What the Supreme Court really did was to give impetus to what has already been in motion for some time. Desegregation has been in effect in many forms in the South.

Said a trolley operator in a Southern city: "I'm a native-born Georgia cracker and I have been working for the transit company for many years. I held prejudiced feelings against colored people until I started driving in colored neighborhoods where I meet colored day by day. They are no different from anybody else."

With a change of economic status for the Negro in the South other changes have come about. "For colored" and "for white" signs over public drinking fountains have disappeared from the lobbies of department stores. Interracial committees in which whites take the initiative to sit down with Negroes and discuss common problems are becoming more numerous.

Newspapers in the South are moving up also. The use of courtesy titles for Negroes is becoming a common editorial practice. The word "Negro" is being played down in articles on crime.

Southern business institutions, in search of the Negro market, are hiring Negro sales people on an equal basis with whites. One big tobacco firm has already employed over thirty young Negro field representatives, most of them college graduates. Negro police have been hired in more than thirty Southern communities.

Desegregation is becoming a reality in many segments of Southern life. The tune "Dixie" is giving way more and more to the "Star Spangled Banner." The South is doing a lot on its own momentum. The "dawning of a new day" has begun to take on reality.

The Impending Crisis

By ALVIN W. ROSE

On May 17, 1954, as everyone knows, the Supreme Court of the United States declared that "in the field of public education the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place," that racially segregated education by the several states violates the Equal Protection Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, and that similar action by the Federal Government violates "due process of law" as guaranteed by the Fifth Amendment.

At that time, there were seventeen states and the District of Columbia, with more than fifty-one million people, in which public school segregation of Negroes and whites was required by law.[1] And under the protection of permissive legislation, public school segregation was also being practiced in sections of at least nine other states where live another fifty-three million Americans.[2]

Almost directly, therefore, the decision was of interest to most of the American people and was probably the most momentous civil rights pronouncement in three quarters of a century.

It is too early reliably to determine the decision's impact. Thus far there have been only minor open conflicts. Nevertheless, the dominant political leadership in parts of the Deep South contends that a major crisis has been precipitated, that in the interest of the public peace and safety and welfare, a policy of outright defiance of the federal law may be expected. Over the states of the Upper South there has de-

[1]The states were Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia.

[2]Arizona, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, Ohio and Pennsylania.

Alvin W. Rose took his Ph.D. in Sociology at the University of Chicago in 1946. He has taught sociology at a number of universities in the North and in the South. At present he is Chairman of the Graduate Department of Sociology at North Carolina College at Durham.

scended much of what Justice Douglas once called "the black silence of fear"; public discussion has been held to a minimum, and the leadership is "studying and waiting." In the midwestern border states (Kansas and Missouri, in particular) the decision was to a considerable extent *ex post facto*, expressing in terms of the law what was already for the most part the general social conviction. At the national level there is expressed some fear that indeed the Constitution itself may now be imperiled, that the resistance to this decision will become, in the words of Carey McWilliams, part of "a systematic many-sided attack upon the Constitution, an attempt that is, to subvert the Constitution by a process of perverse interpretation, nullification-by-indirection and direct encroachment."

Now, however rough and inaccurate these estimations of the reception of the decision in the several regions of the country may be, they serve to point up the present problem: How is the Court decision to be applied and carried into effect in the many and varied conditions over the country, and particularly in the Deep South?

Four developments comprise the context of our problem. In the first place, probably for centuries to come, certainly during the next few decades about which it is reasonably safe to forecast, segregated public education in America will be unlawful. The Court is not likely to reverse itself in this matter. If it is contended the Court after more than half a century reversed itself in the present instance, it did so in recognition of the drastically changed role which public education now plays in American life. And it is inconceivable that, so long as the nation remains free, education in the foreseeable future will become less important.

In the second place, it may be expected that specific techniques will be devised and used in some areas of the nation to circumvent the Court's decision and/or to delay its enforcement. The current literature indicates that some of these techniques will be gerrymandering, creating private schools, forcing ponderous and expensive litigations, invoking threats of economic and physical reprisals, legal evasions such as invoking a state's police powers, segregating on the basis of varying educational and cultural backgrounds of Negro and white children, residential segregation, voluntary agreements, and violence.

In the third place, there have been discovered some specific community devices which have been and will be used to achieve desegre-

gation. Professor Kenneth B. Clark, in the *Journal of Social Issues*, reports these to be desegregation via voluntary public opinion pressure, referendum of the electorate, the threat of publicity, moral persuasion, activity of community action agencies, personal decision of responsible authority, nonjudicial governmental action, legislative action, the threat of court action, pending court decision, actual court action, and internal organizational pressures.

In the fourth place, there must be considered the broad and basic social changes under way in the South which are now almost dramatically transforming the entire region. Among these are industrialization, agricultural diversification and mechanization, a widening popular base of political participation, urbanization, the decrease in farm tenancy, increasing organized labor, the wide impact of mass communications media (television, in particular), the emergence of a dynamic and responsible church, and the enlightening influence of social science research and teaching.

The new national legal principle of nonsegregation, the concerted efforts to circumvent that principle, the plethora of movements to implement that law—these three, interacting within the context of a swiftly changing society, provide the background of the immediate problem. That immediate two-fold problem may now be stated: (a) *how do we deal with the complex body of racial attitudes which comprise the rationale for segregation*, and (b) *how effective will be the several degrees and kinds of gradualism which may be embodied in legal forms?*

The first of these two questions is primarily a matter of how to translate into common acceptance those psychological and sociological principles of racial and cultural relations which are now well-established; the second relates to the function of law in social behavior. It may be that in addressing ourselves to these questions we can more intelligently determine the consequences of each of the several alternative courses of action which the people may contemplate pursuant to what is now, in effect, the new law of nonsegregated public education.

II

It will be helpful to realize that the dogma of equality, inalienable rights, freedom and justice—in which, as Gunnar Myrdal so well

perceived, Americans of all races, regions, national origins, and classes deeply believe—has constituted in the public conscience a general ideal which *ought* to control the lives of men but concerning which ideal there has been felt no corresponding *duty* to ensure nor any *right* of minorities to demand. This is not to suggest that our egalitarian creed has not been a very vital core of American culture; such a suggestion would approach vulgarity and innocence. But, by and large, this ethos has in the minds of men remained "The Great National Suggestion," to be gradually attained, but somewhat idealistic and utopian for present and constructive practices.

On the other hand,

> Western European culture, which we share with the other nations that stem from the Egyptian, Greek, Judaic and Roman backgrounds, tends to ignore or deny the value and significance of other cultures. Toward the peoples of ancient lands, India, China, Japan, Africa, many of whom have cultural traditions, religions, philosophies and ways of life far more ancient than ours, we have had a curious attitude of smug complacency and often outright disdain, if not contempt. . . . What Hitler, with his assertion of a German master race has done, is to reveal, in all its stark ruthlessness and self-centered, almost paranoid, distortion, what Western European culture has accepted as a major premise.[3]

Though somewhat reproachfully described, this latter theme, which is also deeply imbedded in our heritage, has been the rationale of our relationships with the American Negro. Professor Howard Odum has recently suggested that, at least for purposes of understanding the problem of desegregation, "It is of the utmost importance that Southerners face the plain assumption that they do not appraise the Negro as the same sort of human being as they themselves are." This, of course, is a national tendency, but since its greatest emphasis is in the South, we shall call it here, using Dr. Odum's terminology, the Southern Credo.

Recognition of these two dominant cultural themes in our heritage suggests three parenthetical observations. In the first place, it is appropriate to raise the question, as does Mr. Norman Brittin in this *Review*, of what desegregation will do to *white* southern children. A part of the answer is that desegregation will offer the possibility of obviating

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[3]Lawrence K. Frank, *Society As the Patient* (Rutgers University Press, 1949), page 390.

the personality conflicts which these dual cultural valuations inculcate, emancipating the minds and characters of these white children from the errors of the Southern Credo with its obsolete ideas, distorted conceptions and beliefs which by their very nature hamper and stultify intelligence. It is clear also that when one questions the ability of Negro teachers to transmit in a desegregated school the cultural heritage to white students, a part of the answer depends upon which of these two cultural themes it is the intention to transmit. Without considering how many, if any, Negro teachers should teach in an Alabama desegregated school, one may suggest that a criterion more important than accent might be the ability of the teacher, irrespective of race, to transmit those values of Western civilization consistent with a democratic society. And, thirdly, the argument that the presence in a desegregated school of Negro children would unjustly lower the level of education includes the rather serious misconception that democracy allows in its philosophy a dichotomy of means and ends, rather than affirming that all means are proximate ends and all ends are but means to more remote ends. All there is to life, Aldous Huxley once put it, is in the living of it day by day; this is the essence of his thesis that "knowledge is always a function of being." One may assume Mr. Charles Johnson to mean essentially the same when he observes that "the way in which learning takes place is more important than the particular facts which are learned."

It is of course true, as Professor Brittin suggests, that American Negroes generally have not been allowed an unobstructed participation in the mainstream of American life; though his culture is uniquely American, the Negro child in Alabama is likely to bring to the integrated school a smaller and more circumscribed fund of experiences. So will thousands of southern white children.

Because of residential housing patterns, there will be few children of either race going to a previously segregated school in the urban areas. The relative sameness of cultural experiences of Negro and white children in the rural areas will minimize the problem there. The choice, therefore, is to deny these children the advantage of the experience of integrated education or confront the task of educating children of varying backgrounds.

Two rather deeply entrenched fears among white people militating against the acceptance of Negro children are lodged in the assumptions

that (a) Negroes are immoral and (b) Negro children are educationally retarded. These assumptions, too, are old stuff to sociology. The conviction of Negro immorality we have found in large measure to be a function of "visibility." Through community self-surveys, community-action groups may find it beneficial (a) to show in an empirical manner the incidence of specific indexes of immorality among Negro and white children, (b) to demonstrate empirically the relationship between "morality" and such social factors as housing, income, recreation facilities, employment of parents, social and sanitary services, socially prescribed levels of aspiration, and social class, and (c) to point up the relationship of "morals" to achievement and mobility. The white community, along with the Negro, should be a source of data in this matter. Any Negro who does not fit the stereotype of immorality is likely to be written off as an exception; Dr. Rufus Clement will be seen as an "exceptional Negro" rather than an exceptional school board member.

A job of education on matters of morals may have to be done on the leaders in the power structure of many southern communities perhaps, but experience would suggest that among public-school white and Negro children the question of Negro immorality does not seriously arise.

With regard to the educational retardation of Negro children as a rationale for gradualism, we must help the protagonists avoid, if we can, reversing for sake of sheer expediency their original positions concerning the quality of segregated education. A considerable burden of Florida's argument for indefinite gradualism, for instance, is that Negro children are educationally retarded. The problem of educational research is (a) to demonstrate empirically anew that the retardation in question is a function of the inferior segregated school, the segregated economy and significant social factors, rather than a characteristic of the Negro child, and (b) to show the influence which integrated education may be expected to have on the quality of education.

III

We have discussed this rationale of the Southern Credo because it comprises the unofficial law of the South. Every society has its unofficial law which exists side by side with the official law, and except

where the society is static, the unofficial law (that is, the attitude and practices regarding the phenomenon which the official law is supposed to regulate) seldom coincides with and often contradicts the official law. But there is a respect in which our problem of desegregation in the South is unique. Except in such rare instances as the prohibition laws, the unofficial law is always the initiator of social change, moving far ahead of the official law until the latter has become so antiquated and obsolescent that people require its revision. Seen from a world or even national perspective, such has been the path of the law in the problem of segregation. But not so from the perspective of millions of white Americans in the South. From the Southern perspective it is clear that for many people the official law of desegregation is far ahead of the slowly emerging attitude that would support desegregation.

Ordinarily there would exist three alternatives. The society might rationalize the new official law into the form of recommended but not required behavior. This is an alternative of almost indefinite gradualism. As noted in an editorial in *The Nation's Schools* (July, 1954):

> The Supreme Court decision on segregation is not a mountain peak in the social history of this country. Rather, it is a significant marker on a long road, much of which is yet to be traveled. As noted by a Southerner, in this issue, the Supreme Court has told us the Christian and democratic thing to do, but the problem is still a difficult one. . . . When through education we can raise the economic status of the Negro—when we can give him educational opportunities that enable him to develop his abilities to make a greater contribution to the achievements of this land—then we may happily see respect and appreciation taking the place of prejudice.

One is reminded of the Irish Municipal Council which is supposed to have voted three resolutions at one meeting.

> They were: (1) Because the old jail is inadequate and collapsing, the jail should be torn down and rebuilt.
> (2) For the purpose of economy, the old materials in the jail should be used in the rebuilding.
> (3) The prisoners should be housed in the old jail till the new one is constructed.

This is really what happens when an official law is rationalized through the unofficial law into the latent culture so that it becomes a moral norm. As of now, it would appear that a militant manipulation of world opinion will forestall the success of this alternative.

There remain the alternatives of (a) allowing a reasonable period of about ten or fifteen years for the states to bring the unofficial law, the Southern Credo, in line with the official law, or (b) the demand that the South immediately comply with the law, within two or three years.

In much of the current literature, there is the proposal that Negroes be introduced in white schools only at the first grade, each new group being allowed to advance through elementary and high school until the system is completely integrated. This is what we are now calling "segmental desegregation" as differentiated from another gradualistic proposal, "quota desegregation." A distinguished, Southern, white educator, for instance, has recently suggested that an experimental community, with few Negroes, in our State of North Carolina be selected to attempt an immediate integration plan at all levels.

Dr. Kenneth Clark has appraised the evidence on a wide range of these proposals. In general, these data which Dr. Clark assembled suggest that immediate integration at all levels, when seriously attempted, need not be more disruptive than gradual proposals. The difficulty is, however, that there are still many Southern communities where none of these techniques and favorable factors, as discussed by Dr. Clark, may be present.

Logically, one would suggest that within an adjustment period of approximately five years, this nation—through its Department of Health, Education and Welfare and spearheaded by Southern white and Negro educational leadership—could boldly devise and implement a mammoth five-billion dollar program of adult education, teacher training, and administrative reorganization which could, with little difficulty, effect a system of total desegregation, accomplishing in that very process those improvements in the Southern schools and in the Southern economy which we so sorely need. A program of such imagination—presented to the Senate by such respected men as Russell of Georgia, Kefauver of Tennessee, Neely of West Virginia, Barkley of Kentucky, Ellender of Mississippi, Sparkman of Alabama, Scott of North Carolina, and Fulbright of Arkansas—almost certainly would find a grateful and sympathetic reception by the Congress, the President, and, of course, the Supreme Court of the United States. That a clear presentation to the people of the repayment which such a program would yield to America in international good-will, in internal

personal security and social harmony, and in the respect for us by our children and our children's children—that this would win their passionate support, it is difficult not to believe.

But this is probably too much to expect of ourselves. Nations almost never act so concertedly and deliberately and with such enlightenment. The threat to our security and existence may have to be more direct, more external, more concrete and visible. We shall therefore probably have to work through it all in the kind of give and take which we as a nation know best. Our international goodwill and position may have to be diminished, our internal relations awkwardly accommodated. Current experiences in Asia and Africa demonstrate rather dramatically the difficulty of undoing an accumulation of decades.

On the other hand, this period of rapid transition is, of course, a golden opportunity for students of racial and cultural relations—an opportunity to orient first-hand, living facts to the significant patterns in sociological theory. Basic theoretical research programs, as well as experimenting with technical contrivances, are needed. For the sources of insecurity, tension and group hostility are deeply imbedded in the culture of the West. These forms of hostility stem from such psychogenic influences as the father's long day-by-day absence from the home, the precariousness of the mother's love (especially here in the South where the Negro nurse's role may be psychologically devastating), the delicate, transient identification of youthful males with their mothers, the persistence of the expectations of female inferiority; they stem also from such psychogenic sources as the anxieties of a highly competitive economy, the pressure of what Mr. Riesman has called "other-directedness," the inadequacies of stereotypes as symbolic media for communication and interaction, the poverty of normal and diversified channels of tension-release, the atomization of sacred beliefs incident to industrialization and city-ways.

Dr. Talcott Parsons and his associates, for instance, suggest that every society, every cultural system, every personality are continually fashioning their careers in terms of five and more of these basic dilemmas. Dr. Gordon Allport postulates a theory of affiliation, contending that all people want (a) to preserve their self-esteem and (b) to have warm relations with their fellow men, and that, in proportion as man's affiliative needs are met, the negative reactions of prejudice and dis-

crimination tend to disappear. And Dr. Robert MacIver contends that one of the really significant sociological principles of the Good Society inheres in "The Deep Beauty of the Golden Rule."

The general idea seems to be that, under pressure of what Professor Arnold Toynbee calls the "stimlus of penalizations," minorities round the world are rediscovering in the democratic idea "certain original meanings and values which Western Civilization has long ignored." I have presented the problem here in terms of the conflict between (a) the American Creed, (b) the Southern Creed, and (c) the new legal principle of racial integration in public schools. My thesis is simply that once the Southern Credo, the unofficial law, is effectively dealt with—by a deliberate federally-sponsored plan and/or via research—implementation of the official law presents little difficulty. An American educational system that grasps the full meaning of this struggle will have in large measure obviated the impending crisis of desegregation.

A STORY

My Brother's Keeper

By SEYMOUR EPSTEIN

ALMOST the very instant Mr. Kent walked into the office, Miriam felt the irritation of his presence. Physically there was nothing disturbing about him. He was of medium height, slight in build, but the smile that hung on his lips had that angle of false ingratiation she particularly despised.

"Mr. Simon, please," he said.

"Do you have an appointment?" Miriam asked.

"No-o. I didn't know that was necessary."

"Mr. Simon usually sees by appointment," Miriam said, untruthfully. Mr. Simon saw, if at all, by whim. She took the card he extended between two fingers. It bore the name of Vincent Kent, and, in the lower left-hand corner, the name of the company. She didn't recognize it.

"Salesman?" she asked.

The smile became even more angular.

"If I could see Mr. Simon, I'd be better able to tell."

Miriam was used to every type of approach: coyness, bluster, charm. She preferred directness. The man who gave his card and announced the purpose of his call had, at least, the benefit of her neutrality.

"What sort of merchandise do you sell?" she asked.

"Well, no merchandise really. I represent a trade journal. This company's trade, I might add."

At that point, Mr. Kent raised his hand and rubbed the knuckle of his forefinger against the side of his nose. It was a violent gesture, done with such force that it left the contacted flesh red. It was obviously something he couldn't control. Miriam dropped her eyes.

"Just a moment," she said. "I'll find out if Mr. Simon can see you."

SEYMOUR EPSTEIN's first published story was "The Wreckers," which appeared in our last summer's issue. He is "a New Yorker by birth and conviction."

Mr. Simon, when he read the card, made a clucking noise of disapproval.

"Why do you bother me with such things? You know how busy I am. What is he selling?"

Miriam told him, and Mr. Simon closed his eyes in martyrdom. The world was a circle of time-consuming enemies, and it was precisely for such sorties that he depended upon Miriam.

"Since when . . ."

"All you have to do is say no." Miriam cut him off, a sharp edge in her own voice. She was, besides the receptionist, Mr. Simon's secretary and confidante—one of those work-horse factotums you find in most small businesses. Because of her value, Mr. Simon had come to recognize and respect the well-defined borders of her patience. Asked in a business-like way (she did not even require the common amenities) there was no labor she would not perform, but Mr. Simon had to take his dramatics elsewhere. She simply wouldn't put up with them.

"O. K.," sighed Mr. Simon. "I'll see"—he picked up the card—"Mr. Kent in a few minutes. That's what I'm here for, I guess. To see salesmen. Tell him to wait."

Miriam walked back to the reception desk. She was more angry with herself than with Mr. Simon or the spastic stranger in the hall. She knew her job too well not to realize that she had been derelict. Dozens like Mr. Kent had been eased out of the place without Mr. Simon ever knowing of their call. If anything, it was that uncontrollable gesture that threw her off guard. It destroyed the man's poise in so sudden a flash that she could not help feeling sorry for him.

(Once she had turned away a salesman in a rather brusque way, and he had answered her rudeness with matching politeness. When he rang for the elevator, she noticed the shining mechanism that substituted for a hand. For days after, she inflicted a penance on herself. She left exposed her wound of remorse, denying it the relief of forgetfulness.)

Mr. Kent was standing where she had left him, hat in hand.

"Mr. Simon will see you in a few minutes," she said. "Please have a seat."

"Thank you."

He didn't move. Miriam glanced up at him. She judged his age to be in the mid-forties. He might have been good-looking once, but now his features were marked with that flabbiness which characterized a long illness or a too sudden loss of weight. Encased in their swollen pouches, his blue eyes retained an expression of pointless humor, such as people adopt when they have no self-assurance. Miriam had the uncomfortable feeling that he knew exactly what had transpired in Mr. Simon's office.

"Salesmen are a nuisance, aren't they?" he said, in a tone of deprecation. His hand flashed again, and the knuckle dug into the side of his nose. He tried to convert the spasm into something ordinary. He lowered his hand slightly and pretended to cough. "Still," he said, "we all have to make a living."

Miriam nodded curtly, not knowing how to react. She wished he would sit down and occupy himself with a magazine. She opened her book of shorthand notes as a cue, but it was lost on Mr. Kent.

"I haven't been selling terribly long," he went on. His lips pursed into a disagreeably coaxing smile. "I have the feeling that you guessed that, Miss . . ."

"Fisher," said Miriam. She began to type, deliberately leaving his question unanswered. A waist-high glass partition separated them and through it, in the upper part of her vision, she watched the blue material of his suit. She waited for it to move out of sight. When it did not, she looked up once again, prepared for cold finality.

He wasn't looking at her. His gaze inclined upward towards something his thoughts had projected, and his slack mouth and squinting eyes gave him the appearance of a man recalling a recent grief. From that angle, Miriam perceived for the first time the debased refinement of his features. Roughly she could sketch in the sort of college he had attended, the background that had lost its cohesion, the assumptions that had withered or fled beyond his grasp. He was no salesman—that was obvious. His presence here was probably one in a series of desperate little moves made in secrecy and killing embarrassment.

Aware of Miriam's appraising look, Mr. Kent blinked and assumed his artificial smile. His hand went once again to his face, but this time it fluttered nervously over mouth and chin and fell away to his side.

"What sort of man is Mr. Simon?" he asked.

"A business-man," Miriam answered, concentrating on the carriage of her machine.

"I see," said Mr. Kent, pleasantly. "I think I know what you mean. The no-nonsense type. Straight to the point. That's my difficulty. I digress. It's my one failing. Perhaps you can tell me how to stick to the point. You must see so many salesmen."

Miriam shrugged slightly. The impending interview with Mr. Simon took on the proportions of disaster. She would have liked to take Mr. Kent by the arm and lead him to the elevator. "Take a tip from me," she would say. "Spare yourself the pain. You won't get an order anyway. Good-bye—and forget about being a salesman. Go back to your family in New Haven, or wherever you come from."

"I'm afraid I know very little about sales technique," she said.

Mr. Kent moved closer and rested an elbow on the glass partition. "I'll let you in on a secret," he said. "I'm not a salesman. Not really. When I took the job, I didn't think there'd be much to it. After all, selling is talking, and I do that fairly well. The trouble is that I talk about the wrong things. Or rather, I don't talk about the right things forcefully enough. No conviction, if you know what I mean."

"Then why sell?" Miriam asked.

"Well, I have to," he said. His voice lost its affability. A petulant note crept into it. "What else in the world is there for a man to do who hasn't a trade or profession? Nothing! Quite literally nothing! Believe me, I've tried. Of course, I have friends, but I wouldn't dream of imposing on them. Rather influential people, too. I think you'd recognize them, but I'd rather not mention names." Mr. Kent dropped his arm from the partition and dug that cruel knuckle into his flesh. "I have the reputation of being a drinker," he said. His easy manner returned, and he smiled in an aggravatingly superior way. "You can reform the habit but never the reputation. Which is a bit unfair, don't you agree, Miss . . . ?"

"Fisher," said Miriam. "Why don't you have a seat, Mr. Kent? Read a magazine."

Mr. Kent winked at her. "I'll do that," he said. But as he turned toward the chairs, Mr. Simon came out of his office. He stood there, pot-bellied, sour, his sandy tufts stiff with truculence.

"Mr. Kent," he called, in a flat, uninviting voice.

Mr. Kent paled and fell into the posture of a brave man walking alone to the bullet-riddled wall. Some resource of nerve supported the smile that remained pinned to his lips as he passed Miriam on his way into Mr. Simon's office.

* * *

Miriam tried to work, but she could do nothing but wait for the unimaginable sound sure to be produced by so odd a contact. But nothing happened. Their voices seeped out to her with the alternate consistency of enamel and sandpaper, and at the end of ten minutes Mr. Kent emerged, zipping the top of his leather briefcase.

"Thank you, Mr. Simon," he said, shaking hands. "You've been *most* kind. Naturally I don't expect you to make up your mind immediately, but, if I may, I'd like to drop back again in a few days."

Mr. Simon nodded with his head, his shoulders, his whole body. He seemed to be saying yes to everything, particularly to Mr. Kent's imminent departure. With one final nod, he ducked back into his office.

Mr. Kent paused at Miriam's desk. "Not bad," he said. "I may have a sale here." He rested his briefcase on the edge of the desk, and both hands on top of the briefcase. He leaned toward Miriam, bringing within range of her senses the spicy-sweet odor of shaving lotion. All his pale features sagged downward in an expression of weary anxiety. "What do you think?" he asked. "I mean, you know Mr. Simon. Is he the sort that says no outright if he means no?"

Miriam made a gesture with her hands and shrugged her shoulders. The well-oiled mechanism of the routine lie was suddenly full of grit. "There's no telling," she said, with a frown.

Mr. Kent nodded, blinked, and again maltreated the side of his nose. An abstract look returned to his eyes.

"Be nice if it came through," he murmured. It was a fibreless wish, uttered without determination or real desire—rather as a child wishes for an impossible toy. He floated off to some mountain peak of vagueness and from that vast distance regarded Miriam.

"Yes," said Miriam, crisply. She felt an urge to snap her fingers before his face and shout, "Hey, wake up!"

Slowly, laboriously, Mr. Kent made his way back.

"Listen," he said, with a quick glance toward Mr. Simon's office, "I've *got* to get an order. I've simply *got to*. That silly ass of a sales manager will surely get me sacked if I don't come up with something pretty soon. He's already dropped a hint. See if you can't persuade your charming Mr. Simon to place an ad. The whole thing doesn't amount to a hill of beans, but it would mean a great deal to me." His voice dropped to an even lower register. It became almost a whisper. "Frankly," he said, "I'm at my last ditch. In the past year I've run through more jobs than you can shake a stick at. I just wouldn't have the strength to start again if I flubbed this one."

He backed away and concentrated a look of profound reliance on Miriam. They might have been childhood friends, long lovers come at last to the test of their affection. "You can believe this or not," he declared solemnly, "but I haven't had a drink since I took this job. If I get over this hurdle, I'll be all right. If I don't . . ." He made a tight-lipped grimace.

Stunned with this gratuitous load of confidence, Miriam stared at the man as he walked to the elevator and rang. The wildly unexpected can sometimes deprive one of speech, and Miriam sat there mouth agape, as if someone had dashed in and deposited an infant on her desk. The elevator came and with one foot inside Mr. Kent delivered a parting adjuration.

"I'm depending on you," he said, and disappeared.

With the sound of the closing elevator door, Mr. Simon thrust out of his office like a turtle out of its shell. He walked straight to Miriam's desk, his brow wrinkled with vindication and rebuke. He planted himself before Miriam and performed an alarmingly accurate parody of Mr. Kent's knuckle-to-nose reflex. Then, with upthrust arms and eyebrows, he silently called upon Heaven to witness his ordeal. Still wordless and shaking his head, he slumped back to his office.

Miriam flipped over the page of her notebook and stared at the squiggles blankly. A little blaze of fury started up within her, but it quickly subsided and she began to type.

* * *

Mr. Kent's first appearance was on a Tuesday. On Friday of that same week, Miriam came back from lunch to find him sitting in the

outer office, thumbing through a magazine. His presence shocked her. She had not exactly dismissed him from her mind, but her intuitive thought was that she had seen the last of him. He was of that type that wanders in every so often, sets the office on its ear, accomplishes nothing, and is never heard from again. Persistence was the last thing she expected from Mr. Kent.

His smile was archly familiar. "I'm told Mr. Simon won't be back until late this afternoon," he said.

"That's right," said Miriam, walking to her desk. "You should have called first."

Mr. Kent got up and followed her to the partition. He performed his little act, and Miriam felt a strong desire to slap his hand.

"Did you get a chance to talk to him?" he asked.

"I?" Miriam stared at him with astonished eyes. "About what?"

"About what!" he echoed, looking instantly aggrieved. "About placing an ad in the trade journal I represent. Surely you remember . . . ?"

Miriam sat down at her desk and gathered the scattered clips into a little heap. She became suddenly conscious of the fact that her shoes hurt dreadfully. She had met her friend Sally for lunch, and they had walked miles looking for something suitable for tropical climates. Sally was to be married in a few weeks. She and her husband were going to Bermuda. The world was a catherine wheel throwing off lovely flames. One must forgive Sally everything these days—even a little thoughtlessness. Miriam had hoped to get back to the assuaging rattle of her typewriter and work off the poison of envy that had dripped into her system. Mr. Kent, with his weird antics and despairing eye, was her mood made flesh. If he vanished that instant, she would never question the benevolent miracle.

"You'd better make it next week some time," she said.

"Next week!" He ran his hand over his thin, blond hair. "I take it then you didn't even speak to him."

Miriam noticed that a drawer was open. She slammed it shut.

"Where did you ever get the idea that I was supposed to speak to him?" she snapped. Her head was pounding idiotically. "Look here, Mr. Kent, I only work here. I'm not an officer of the company."

"Oh, for God's sake!" he almost whined. "I've been to this kind of office long enough to know the power you gals exert. All I asked

you to do was to put in a good word for me. Is that so much? I mean, after all, what kind of world is this anyway where one person won't lift a finger to help another!"

"Well! . . . *Well!*"

Unreasoning rage poured into Miriam from a hundred hidden sluiceways. Everything was swept into the flood. Her shapeless body; her stringy hair; her mother's soft, galling solicitude; the nightly riot of argument and television; that hideous, *hideous* vase in the foyer she would one day smash; the loneliness that pinched at her heart with relentless fingers; the whole pointless mess of living.

"And who are you that I should help you?" Her voice skidded and careened like something headed for a wreck. "Who helps me, I'd like to know? Who do you think you are coming in here and demanding that people should help you? You've got some nerve, that's all I've got to say! *Some damned . . .!*"

And madly, disgracefully, she was weeping. Two large drops fell on a typewritten page, glistened, and were absorbed. Miriam opened the bottom drawer of her desk and pulled out a tissue.

Mr. Kent withdrew deferentially. He examined the cuffs of his trousers; he rubbed his nose; he looked neither surprised nor contrite.

"I'll make it some other time," Miriam heard him say.

Fortunately her little reception room was separate from the rest of her office. The bookkeeper and the extra girl had not witnessed the scene. Miriam went to the washroom after Mr. Kent left and locked herself in for ten minutes. When she came out, she was wearing a little more powder and rouge than was her habit.

* * *

Mr. Simon returned to the office about four-thirty. As usual, his hat was on crooked and all his clothes looked dampened and crushed.

"Some letters," he threw at Miriam, in passing. "Five minutes."

She was used to it. Four-thirty to five, the easing-off period—it was anything but that for her. Mr. Simon's scattered senses came into focus at that hour. As he explained to her when she took the job twelve years ago, he didn't like a clock-watcher.

Straightening the things on her desk, Miriam realized with a drop of despair that she would speak about Mr. Kent. She couldn't say who she felt sorry for—herself, him. It was all one. They might inhabit

different worlds, the histories of their grief might be written in foreign tongues, but for an instant each had given a cry of pain, and in that was a common shame. She chose the moment before Mr. Simon began his dictation.

"That salesman was in again," she said.

"What salesman?"

"The one who was in Tuesday. You know, the one who kept rubbing his nose."

Mr. Simon laced his fingers behind his head and cracked all his knuckles.

"That's nice," he said. "Did you throw him out?"

"You gave him permission to come back."

"*I* gave him permission! Are you crazy? What would I want that maniac around here for?"

Miriam shrugged. "I don't know. It's possible you were thinking of placing an ad. They tell me it's worthwhile advertising in trade journals."

Mr. Simon looked at her suspiciously. "He isn't a cousin of yours or something, is he?" he asked.

"Does he look like my cousin?"

Mr. Simon gave a deep sigh. "Do you want to get home tonight?" he asked, matter-of-factly. "I've got at least a half a dozen letters to get out tonight. If you want to talk about that nut, I'll telephone for sandwiches and we'll spend a nice evening chatting."

Miriam stared down at the blank page of her book.

"I'm waiting," she said.

* * *

Mr. Kent's third and last appearance occurred exactly one week after his first. It was Tuesday, late in the afternoon. The door-latch of the elevator clicked before opening, and Miriam was seized with a sickly premonition. That Mr. Kent should walk out and remove his hat like a well-bred mendicant seemed a proper epilogue of the whole sorry little tale.

"How's Miss Fisher?" he greeted her. The blue, pin-stripe suit he wore was probably the only presentable one he had. He had worn it all three times.

"I spoke to Mr. Simon," she said, quickly. "He doesn't feel that we can devote any money to advertising at this time. I'm sorry."

"Ah," said Mr. Kent. His mouth hung open. "Oh."

He returned his hat to his head, settled it neatly, and turned toward the elevators. Midway there he halted and looked toward Miriam. "You and I, Miss Fisher . . ." he began, shaking his head. But he didn't complete his thought. He left it for Miriam to finish in the thousand different ways that conscience might suggest.

The elevator took an eternity to come. Waiting for the sound of the door, it was as though a weight pressed down on her, keeping her head bowed over her machine. And when the elevator did come, and the door opened and shut, Miriam still sat so, with lowered head, as though to look up and see the emptiness in the hall was more than she could bear.

The Jittery Gentle Squirrel

By JUDSON JEROME

The jittery gentle squirrel
has no right to such a belly
as hangs on the sidewalk
while he cocks his hind leg
and scratches a flea like some
little old dog with a spring broke.

Besides the creepy son of a bitch
has long bent black fingers
with no thumbs and when he looks at you
sidewise his mouth all pulled down
saying I'm Aloysius Something the Goddamned Third
so don't pick on me don't pick on me
HE doesn't really give a damn
and neither would you if he
was a rat which he almost is.

JUDSON JEROME has taught English, is at present Assistant to the President of Antioch College.

America's Newest Voter: A Florida Case Study

By WILLIAM G. CARLETON
and
HUGH DOUGLAS PRICE

BEGINNING in 1944 a series of federal court decisions outlawed the white primaries in the South and opened the Democratic primaries in that section to Negroes. At that time and since there has been a plethora of articles on the legal and constitutional aspects of Negro voting and many speculative articles on how Negro voting would affect Southern politics. Recently, however, a study of Negro voting in Florida from 1944 to the present has been completed and now we may begin to see the situation in the light of actual history rather than crystal-gazing.

Florida is an excellent laboratory for the study of Negro voting. Florida and Louisiana are the only two southern states which publish registration figures separately by race, and Florida is the only state which indicates party affiliation by race. Moreover, a higher percentage of Negroes register and vote in Florida than in any other southern state.

New significance has been given Negro voting in the South by the recent series of decisions of the United States Supreme Court favorable to the Negro, notably the anti-segregation decision of May of this year. When, how, and the degree to which these decisions are concretely implemented will depend largely on the way Negroes participate in southern politics.

The return of the Negro to active participation in Florida politics —after over half a century of exclusion—constitutes a political revo-

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WILLIAM G. CARLETON, whose work has appeared frequently in the *Review*, is Professor of Political Science at the University of Florida; his latest book is *The Revolution in American Foreign Policy* (Doubleday). HUGH DOUGLAS PRICE, who did the research for this article, is now working for his Ph.D. at Harvard University and is assisting Professor V. O. Key there.

lution. In 1944, at the time of the outlawing of the white primary, it is estimated that 20,000 Negroes were registered to vote in Florida, and all of these were registered as Republicans. By May, 1946 Negro registration had risen to over 48,000, and a majority of these were registered as Democrats. By 1948 Negro registration had jumped to over 85,000, and the Negro vote helped Truman carry Florida over Dewey and Thurmond. By May, 1950 Negro registration leaped to over 116,000, stimulated by the Negro drive to re-elect Senator Claude Pepper. (On balance, this rapid rise in Negro registration probably lost Pepper more white votes than it gained him Negro votes.) By 1952 total Negro registration was around 121,000, and in 1954 it stands at over 128,000—around 120,000 Democrats and around 8,000 Republicans.

These statistics are significant in several respects: the rapidity until 1950 of the rise in Negro registration, the decisive Negro "crossing of the Jordan" from Republican to Democratic affiliation, and the slow-down in Negro registration after 1950. This slow-down can be accounted for on several grounds. In the first years the most aggressive Negroes and those in counties where there was least white resistance registered; since 1950 the registration drive has had to contend with the less aggressive and the most apolitical Negroes, and it has had to work in those areas of most white opposition. After 1950 a more conservative trend in public affairs set in, and fewer issues appealing to the Negroes were raised. Also, in the presidential campaign in 1952 the white organization of Stevenson went to pieces in Florida, and in 1954 none of the gubernatorial candidates made any drive to register Negro voters. Negro registration, though it continues to climb slowly, is still far below white registration. In 1954, around thirty per cent of Negroes eligible to vote were registered as compared to about seventy per cent of whites.

Where have Negro registration and voting been heaviest? In general, the commonly accepted idea that Negroes participate in politics most heavily in the urban areas is correct. However, another commonly accepted idea that Negroes are least active where the proportion of Negro to white population is greatest (and the whites consequently most resistant) is not borne out by the facts. Two of the four Florida counties which in 1952 had absolutely no Negroes registered have a smaller proportion of Negro population than the state average. On the other hand, several rural counties with a very high proportion of Negro

population have percentages of eligible Negroes registered which are well above the state average. The extent of Negro participation is not a mechanical reflex of the proportion of Negroes to whites in a county. Sometimes it is a matter of Negro leadership, white leadership, or both. Generally it represents a cultural complex of mores, folkways, habits, prejudices, and beliefs.

In the main, Negro registration and voting are lowest in those counties where the planter system of ante-bellum days was most highly developed. The bulk of these counties in Florida are found in the Suwannee and Apalachicola River belts and the counties in between. Today, these counties have in common a high proportion of rural population, low income level, static or declining population, few Republicans, and an intense devotion to "white supremacy." A century ago, in 1850, most of these counties had a high percentage of Negro population, but this is not true in all of them today, for there has been a marked migration of rural Negroes to the North and to Southern cities. In short, the basic reason for continued white resistance to Negro voting is to be found not in the population figures of today but in the population figures of a century ago.

If resistance to Negro voting were a simple reflex of the proportion of Negro to white population, then opposition to Negro voting should be stronger in Northern cities than in Florida cities. In 1950 Chicago had a higher percentage of Negro population than St. Petersburg; Cleveland a higher percentage than Miami; Detroit a higher percentage than Tampa; and Philadelphia's 18.3 per cent of nonwhites exceeds all of these!

However, the remarkable thing about the political revolution taking place in the South since 1944 is not the white resistance to Negro voting but the widespread acceptance of Negro voting by southern whites, who more and more regard it as an inevitable fact.

II

Has the influx of Negro voters into the Democratic Party caused white voters in appreciable numbers to move out of the party? It has not. To be sure, Republican registration in the South is slowly rising, but this is accounted for by the gradual drift of economic conservatives to the Republican Party and in Florida by the additional fact of

continued Northern migration into the state. In the rural "white supremacy" counties, where more than anywhere else resentment over the Negroes becoming Democrats is strongest, the increase in Republican registration is lowest. In these areas, where registering as a Republican is regarded as somewhere between a misdemeanor and a felony and where Democrats outnumber Republicans a thousand to one or better, there is little likelihood of an exodus from the Democratic Party. Moreover, the fact that most local and state contests are still settled in the Democratic primaries operates powerfully to prevent voters from making a rapid switch to the Republican ranks. Finally, Negroes are in the Democratic party of the South, but they are not of it; they are being successfully "jim-crowed" there.

A few Negroes have been elected to the Democratic county committees (and in 1954 several Negroes were elected to the Democratic state committee in Alabama), but predominantly Negro precincts usually elect whites to the Democratic county committees or go unrepresented. The shift from the Republican to the Democratic ranks has been so complete that the old Negro Republican leaders can no longer exercise a real voice in the state Republican organization, and yet the state Democratic organization is controlled by those who oppose extension of Negro influence and the mixing of the races in any kind of relation. The Negro voters themselves have shown an almost total indifference to party primary elections for county, state, and national committees, and, what is more significant, to elections for delegates to the national conventions.

Segregated rallies are common. Frequently the county Democratic committee will schedule Negro rallies for the Negro neighborhoods. All the Democratic candidates are invited to appear. This seems preferable to the Negro political-league rallies which generally present only the candidates endorsed by the league. In spite of the "jim-crow" aspects of such a solution, most Negroes seem to regard these segregated meetings as a definite gain, even in areas where they freely attend mixed rallies. Facing an all-Negro audience the candidates have to speak on some matters of concern to Negroes. Present political mores allow the candidates to take stands at such rallies on many local issues of concern to the Negro, although to give a proportionate amount of time to such questions at a general rally would alienate many white voters. Under such circumstances the candidates are

tempted to make—and often do make—promises they would not make before a mixed audience.

Virtually excluded from participating in the Democratic organization, the Negroes have set up their own political organizations to work within the Democratic Party and to designate the candidates deserving of Negro support in the Democratic primaries. The minister, the church organization, the fraternal order, and the community morticians have declined in political influence, particularly in the cities. Today there is a wider Negro middle class from which to draw Negro political leaders—insurance men, druggists, retailers, small contractors, Negro newspaper editors, Negro union officials, and various "promoters." The new leaders are less in the "accommodating" tradition; they are younger, more ideological, and conscious of the critical attention with which many Southern whites view Negro voting. While there are a few leaders and journalists who would keep the Negro voters "fluid" as to the parties (and Chief Justice Warren's anti-segregation decision has given them additional arguments), most of the leaders and an overwhelming majority of Florida Negro voters, to paraphrase the metaphor of Frederick Douglass, now regard the Democratic party as the ship and all else the sea.

Since 1944 a large number of local Negro committees, alliances, and leagues have developed. In addition to endorsing a slate and holding rallies, the local leagues distribute literature, facilitate Negro registration, personally solicit the voters, and get out the vote on election day. On paper the Florida Progressive Voters' League, organized in 1944, speaks for all the state's Negro voters, but actually its influence is very limited. Negroes do not have the many state-wide contacts the whites have, and consequently the really important organizations are local.

The typical Negro political league in Florida is a unique organization. Superficially it bears some functional resemblance to the big city machines of the late nineteenth century which also initiated a politically innocent group, the immigrant, into American politics. Of course, there are vast differences. The Negro political league is limited in scope of support and seldom attempts to run candidates of its own; it functions largely as an organized pressure group. The city machine, on the other hand, is usually the local branch of a political party, complete with candidates.

For tactical reasons the Negro political leagues have invariably organized as separate groups. The very high degree of specialization among Negro civic organizations has a sounder reason than merely providing a larger number of prestige positions. A typical Negro community will have a militant branch of the NAACP for legal action, a voters' league for bargaining with local politicians, a civic welfare group to make nonpartisan appeals on behalf of the Negro community, and a number of "accommodating" leaders often associated with the Negro chamber of commerce. Often the same individuals will make up the active leadership and majority of the membership of several of the groups, but the proliferation allows different delegations to represent the Negro community for different purposes and under different circumstances. Thus if the candidates endorsed by the Negro voters' league are defeated, the leaders of the Negro civic welfare group, which is officially nonpartisan, can speak for the Negro community. Actually the two will often operate from the same office and share the same mimeographing machine with each other and possibly with the local branch of the NAACP as well. At the state level also the NAACP has avoided any political commitments and worked through its Progressive Voters' League, a shadow organization with different officers and letterhead.

In operation the Negro political league is generally headed by a middle-class Negro, usually without advanced formal education unless he is a former school teacher who was relieved of his job because of his activities. In most towns and small cities a voters' league is not formally organized, and in the medium-sized cities like Gainesville and Ocala there will be only one voters' league. In the metropolitan areas like Jacksonville, Tampa, and Miami, however, there are a number of competing Negro groups and leaders not unlike the loose political factions of white politicians, although the latter often lack the organized voter backing which some Negro groups have.

Since the essential function of the Negro political league is to endorse a slate of candidates, the key position in the organization is that of chairman of the endorsing committee. This group meets with the various candidates, examines their past records, asks their position on pending issues, and may even submit a written list of questions on specific issues. At this point the delicate subject of money may or may not become important. Some organizations are so sensitive on this

point that they refuse any contribution from candidates even for expenses. Others frankly operate on a flat fee basis with endorsements going to the candidates they believe best, provided these pay the minimum assessments. (Assessments are on a sliding scale and depend upon the salary of the office sought.) A few groups apparently have endorsements for sale to the highest bidder. When all the various cross-pressures of personal preference, willingness to pay, stand on issues, chance of winning, degree of Negro popular support, and other factors have had their play, the investigating committee reports its recommendations to the league officers or possibly to the membership. These are generally accepted.

The slate finally endorsed is usually kept as secret as possible up to the last minute before election. This is necessary because Negro endorsements in county after county have repeatedly been reprinted in various forms by the unendorsed candidates for use in gaining white support. The most successful method to date, however, seems to be that of personally delivering endorsement cards to Negro homes the night before the election. A corps of ward, precinct, and block workers are used for this purpose.

Certain voting patterns have emerged among southern Negroes during the past ten years. For one thing, the percentage of registered Negroes who vote is lower than the percentage of registered whites who vote; in Florida it is from ten to twenty per cent below that of the voting white electorate. For another thing, Negroes vote more cohesively; they tend to block. For still another thing, Negroes display a much greater inclination to "single shot" or "double shot" the key contests than do white voters. Negroes have not been subjected to civic crusades telling them that it is not important how they vote so long as they vote. Apparently Negroes see no virtue in voting *per se*; if contests are without meaning to them they tend to ignore them.

It is on the local level—particularly in municipal and county primary elections in the urban areas—that Negro participation in politics has become most meaningful. Under a number of circumstances eighty-five, ninety, or even ninety-five per cent of the Negro voters will support one candidate. Opposition to a "white supremacy" candidate reaches this degree, and so does support for an integrated economic and social liberal or for a local mayor, sheriff, or school superintendent who is regarded as favorable in his treatment of Negroes.

(A sheriff or mayor who is impartial in his treatment, gives adequate police protection to the Negro community, eschews "rough stuff," tolerates no lynchings, and shows no zeal in ferreting out bolita operators, or a county school superintendent who provides good Negro schools and teachers is almost sure of overwhelming Negro support. An incumbent with such a record of concrete works has an enormous advantage in predominantly Negro precincts over a challenger, no matter how attractive the latter's promises may be.) A lower degree of cohesion, ranging from sixty to eighty per cent, can be expected for almost any Negro candidate, for any white candidate in an issueless race who has received general Negro political endorsement, and for a white candidate without a record of service or platform of attractive issues who meets the Negro voters, speaks at their rallies, shakes hands, and makes a genuine effort to get Negro popular support.

Negro political leagues play an important, and valuable, part in encouraging Negro voting and in educating the electorate. Negro leaders, however, can not throw their support indiscriminately to any candidate. Although an endorsement may be decisive in a humdrum routine contest, it cannot successfully compete with a strong ideological or organizational appeal. The competing leagues constitute factions within the Negro electorate which may tend to factionalize the Negro voters in contests where there is no strong unifying appeal. Negro voters themselves tend to follow their own judgments of what contests are important, but with a steady decline in interest which usually follows the order of candidates' appearance on the endorsement cards rather than the order on the official ballot. About a third of the Negro voters will generally vote in only two or three of the crucial contests; another third will vote in six or eight; only the final third will vote a full ticket.

In a national race where integrated liberalism or Negro rights seem to be involved, predominantly Negro precincts show a high degree of cohesion. Truman in 1948, Pepper in the senatorial race of 1950, and Stevenson in 1952 carried the predominantly Negro precincts by ninety per cent or more. And Kefauver, in the preferential presidential primary race in Florida in 1952, carried many of the predominantly Negro precincts by as much as twenty to one over Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia.

Negro voters have been least interested in the gubernatorial and other state races. There are a number of reasons for this: the blandness of one-party politics, the meaningless factionalism, the failure to raise real issues, the weakness of the governor as popular and legislative leader, the seeming lack of relevance of state issues to the concrete problems of the Negro. In such state races the Negro vote is much lower than in ideological national races or in meaningful local ones. (In 1948 in Florida there were fewer votes in the predominantly Negro precincts in the highly organized and hotly contested governor's race than in the unorganized presidential race; the reverse was true in the white precincts.) Also, in such state races the Negro tends to be more influenced by white voting trends. Again, in the absence of vital issues to the Negroes, the endorsement or lack of endorsement of the local Negro leagues becomes more important in determining how Negroes vote.

Since the return of the Negro to Florida politics, Negro candidates for public office have qualified to run in the Democratic primaries, carried on active campaigns, and even succeeded in getting themselves into primary run-offs, but none actually has been elected to office. This is due in part to the fact that county and city officials—even councilmen—are now elected at large and not from districts or wards. (The return of the Negro to politics has produced some hasty changes in laws and charters to provide for elections at large.) Also, Negro candidates until now have lacked standing in their Negro communities and the nature of their white support has been suspicious, sometimes apparently Communist-inspired. (No Negroes of the standing of those elected to school boards in Richmond county, Georgia and in Atlanta have run for office in Florida.) When in 1947 a Negro mortar-mixer, with dubious white support, ran for the Jacksonville city council, the Negroes, in protest, simply stayed away from the polls—only about thirteen per cent of the registered Negroes voted—but those who did vote voted heavily for the Negro candidate. Although no top-flight Negro has offered for public office in Florida, a Negro candidate from the middle class, even the lower middle class, and free from a suspicious background is sure to bring out a large Negro vote in his favor. Another stimulus to large Negro voting in communities where the Negro is heavily registered and now in the habit of voting is a physical

threat to the Negro's right to vote, such as the dynamiting of a Negro precinct polling place in Jacksonville the morning of the second primary in 1952. On that occasion, Negro leaders immediately manned sound trucks, blared appeals to the Negro neighborhoods, and the result was a record turnout which made the second primary vote higher than the first primary for the first time in many years.

III

The political weaknesses of the Negro in the South are remarkably similar to some of those of organized labor, another relatively new major factor in American party politics. By substituting "Negro" for the word "labor" one can paraphrase most of the outstanding weaknesses of organized labor as they have been summarized by Samuel Lubell, and apply them to the Negro in the South: (1) An overly militant campaign to register Negro voters or to gain Negro support provokes so much fear and opposition that it produces an anti-Negro reaction. (2) The Negro and the Democratic Party are still uneasy allies and, in many Florida counties, the formal Democratic Party organization and the local Negro voters are virtual political opponents. (3) Negro leaders have been unable to deliver the Negro vote as a block except in the direction it was already inclined to go.

In addition to difficulties mentioned in the Lubell paragraph, the Negro suffers some additional disabilities. There is the continued general prejudice against Negro voting, ranging in degree from intense hostility in the old plantation counties to lukewarm opposition or irritated acceptance in other counties. In addition, equally important and much underrated in national opinion, is the existence of the one-party system. In a one-party system the real issues are rarely raised, they tend to blur and blend with personalities and factionalism, and the existence of many factions and personal followings within the party prevents the Negroes, a cohesive minority group, from exercising a balance-of-power influence. If there were two parties or if there were two well-defined factions within the Democratic party—liberal and conservative—the Negroes could play a decisive role in mediating between them, but in the absence of clear-cut issues, factions, and parties, much of the Negro activity in politics appears meaningless and futile, and sometimes even harmful to causes the Negro wishes to promote.

In Florida, there are the makings of both a liberal and a conservative group within the Democratic Party, although a variety of personal and other factions, characteristic of the one-party system, cuts across both of them. The chamber-of-commerce and civic-club towns and cities tend to be conservative. These are in alliance with the rentier classes of the large tourist centers and with the counties of rich and specialized agriculture—citrus, cattle, truck farming. Potential liberal (or pro-Communist) strength is in poorer counties which specialize in agricultural staples—cotton, tobacco, corn, peanuts—and in the wage-workers and Negroes. The poor rural counties are mostly the old counties in the northern and western parts of Florida. These are the ante-bellum counties, the counties where the Old South culture persists and where consequently white supremacy and anti-Negro attitudes are strongest. These are also the counties where the Democratic-Party tradition runs deepest and where a large part of the population stands to benefit from expanding educational and social services and from a federal-support program for agricultural prices. The people of these counties are economic liberals and social conservatives. In the early days of his senatorial career Senator Claude Pepper received much support from these counties, but in his last race, when he was accused of being pro-Negro and pro-Communist, he lost much of his former support in this area. Within a statewide Democratic primary, when the Negro question is raised, the Negro precincts will go ten to one for the liberal candidate (for example, for Pepper in 1950), but many of the Old South counties will be alienated. However, in a national election between the Democratic and Republican Parties, the predominantly Negro precincts will go ten to one for a Truman or a Stevenson, and the Old South rural counties, true to the Democratic party tradition and favoring a strong federal crop-support program, will at the same time likewise pile up staggering majorities for the Democratic presidential nominee. *In a primary contest within the party, the Negro precincts and the "white supremacy" precincts in poor rural counties are apt to be enemies; in a general election contest between the two parties the Negro precincts and the precincts in the Old South counties tend to be allies, each piling up whopping majorities for the Democratic Party.* Within the Democratic Party the Negro voters and the poor white voters of the rural counties tend to neutralize each other and leave victory with the conservative counties and classes.

The alliance of poor farmers and urban Negroes in national two-party elections suggests a significant potential. If the conservatives were in the Republican Party and if there were a two-party system which resulted in the real election for local and state offices occurring in the general election rather than in the primary, the alliance of Negro and of white farmer of the old rural areas, now prevailing in the national elections, would probably in the main prevail in the local, state, congressional, and senatorial elections as well, to the presumed benefit of Negroes, poor farmers, and "real" Democrats. The moral, of course, is that Negroes, liberals, and "real" Democrats ought to push for the two-party system, and conservatives to cling to the one-party system. And since it is the conservatives—not the liberals—who will have to move to give grass-roots support to the Republican Party, we may expect a longer delay in the development of a genuine two-party system in the South than is often supposed.

The impact of the Negro vote in the Democratic primary is already so great as to cause a certain ambivalence on the part of the candidates. Candidates for state-wide office no longer dare indulge in undiluted Negro baiting, for fear of losing all the Negro votes. Neither do candidates dare expose a too pro-Negro program for fear of alienating voters in the white supremacy counties and many whites elsewhere. Even in the celebrated Pepper-Smathers campaign of 1950 the candidates faced both ways. Pepper, who realized he would have to denounce compulsory FEPC and make other concessions that would not be popular with his Negro supporters, was confronted with the problem of increasing the Negro registration and winning a probable ten to one majority among the Negro voters. For Smathers the first problem was to use the Pepper Negro registration drive as an issue to gain enough white votes at least to balance Pepper's probable increase in Negro votes. If this could be done then the second problem of weaning some of the Negro voters away from Pepper—by bargains with Negro leaders and leagues, by pointing out that his own record was not that of a Negro baiter, and by publicizing the endowments given Negro communities and institutions by some of his supporters—offered the possibility of a net gain in the over-all balance. In the gubernatorial campaign of 1952, Dan McCarty, in the absence of any overt raising of the Negro question and working through the local Negro leagues, was actually able to carry a majority of the Negro

precincts and a majority of the Old South rural counties of northern and western Florida. In such a campaign Negro participation takes on many of the bland and amorphous characteristics typical of the traditional one-party system of the state. The special gubernatorial primary of 1954, occasioned by the death of Governor McCarty in office, posed a problem for the Negro voters. Acting-Governor Charley Johns had a "white supremacy" record, but he was regarded as prolabor and he promised more generous old-age pensions. Johns' opponent, LeRoy Collins, who ultimately won the Democratic nomination, was a conservative who made few popular promises, but he had a record in the state senate of fighting to unmask the Klan and of battling against attempts to "save" the old white primary, and he campaigned in friendly fashion in the Negro neighborhoods. Presented with this ideological dilemma, the Negro vote split and an unusually large number of Negroes stayed away from the polls.

The long-run effects of such an institutional factor as the one-party system can be traced through a number of stages. By its tendency toward factionalism it makes effective Negro "balance of power" politics most difficult; by its transfer of most real political contests from the general election to the party primary it makes Negro baiting much more tempting; by increasing the likelihood of use of the Negro as an issue it makes it much more difficult for a candidate to make a public appeal to the Negro as a voter; the difficulty of appealing to the Negro as a voter frequently makes it necessary that appeals for Negro support be made privately to Negro leaders; the fact that most appeals for support must be made to a small group of leaders, in turn, opens the possibility of "deals" and actual buying of support rather than giving more incentive to the Negro voters to make a rational choice on issues.

The one-party system has a further effect in reducing the numerical importance of a given number of Negro voters in the state by approximately one-half. If the conservative Democrats and so-called presidential Republicans now registered as Democrats were in the Republican Party and, as seems likely, the Negroes remained predominantly Democratic, then Florida's Negro voters would constitute around twenty per cent rather than the present ten per cent of the state Democratic Party. To this numerical doubling of influence within one party there would be added the greater likelihood of success of a supposedly pro-Negro candidate who would be running under the

protection of the party label in a general election. It seems possible that an active two-party system might, then, mean more than just a numerical doubling of the political potential of Florida's Negro voters. Of course, if such a situation were to develop it could conceivably drive so many whites out of the Democratic Party as to leave it in a minority position, though the odds are against such an exodus.

IV

Since 1944 a veritable political revolution has been slowly and peacefully taking place in the South—the return of the Negro to active participation in Southern politics. This past decade probably represents the fourth and final phase of a long and sometimes stormy struggle to integrate the Negro into a democratic political system in the South.

The first phase was the bitter Reconstruction period, when the victorious North, through the Republican Party, forced at the point of the bayonet wholesale Negro suffrage on the South. The dominant white culture of the South did not at the time assimilate this great political and social revolution, and after the withdrawal of Northern troops, at the end of Reconstruction, there occurred a counter-revolution, the second phase of the struggle. At first, this counter-revolution was cautious and worked not by legal means but by extralegal and sometimes illegal means to disfranchise the Negro—social pressures, economic reprisals, actual coercion and intimidation. Still, until around the turn of the century many Negroes voted and even held office in the South and in Florida.

At the turn of the century came the third phase, which lasted until the federal courts in 1944 outlawed the white primary. This third phase—the period of "white supremacy"—witnessed widespread jim-crow legislation and the effective elimination of the Negro from politics by the older methods and by the newer legal methods: the grandfather clause, the literacy test, the poll tax, the white primary, and so forth. The whites of the South were moved to resort to such measures because they found that in the Populist-Democratic contests of the 1890's the Negroes often held the balance of power between two clear-cut white factions. And the South was allowed to "get away" with the ultimate in counter-revolution becanuse the Civil War was by 1900 long past and the North could no longer be aroused to intervene again. The imperialism of the time popularized "white supremacy" race doc-

trines, and a Republican administration in Washington was engaged in active imperialism in the Philippines. Imperialism seemed to Southerners to be a vindication of their own race views, for if the brown Filipino could not be trusted to govern himself how could the Southern Negro be trusted to govern white folks?

The world has moved swiftly in the last few decades—and with it the South. Truer race doctrines have been popularized by anthropology and sociology. The colored races are on the march against colonialism and imperialism; a large part of the world has won a global war against Nazi-Fascist race doctrines; legal barriers to Negro voting have fallen or have been repealed by white Southerners themselves; and federal courts have outlawed the white primary. This fourth phase—the revolution of the 1940's and the 1950's, the return of the Negro to active participation in Southern politics—is likely to settle the question; no successful counter-revolution is in sight. There are a number of reasons why the current revolution will be permanent. It has come slowly, gradually, peacefully, cautiously. Registration and voting of Negroes have been high where these can currently be assimilated; they have been lower where more time is required for assimilation. A new generation of Southerners has arisen, and the will and the conviction to resist are no longer what they were. In the South, the ratio of Negro population to white has declined and the Negro population is more widely dispersed in the South and in the nation. The Negroes themselves have changed: they are better paid, fed, clothed, housed, and educated; they themselves have developed a large middle class; they increasingly have accepted the middle-class values of most white Americans. Finally, there is the fact that the Southern Negroes returned to politics within the one-party Democratic system, that Negroes have not been able to hold the balance of power between white factions and parties, that the situation some southern whites dreaded most about Negro suffrage has not happened. If and when the two-party system comes to the South and better enables the Negro to play a decisive role in politics, the period of transition probably will have passed and Negro participation in politics will have become commonplace.

What has the Negro gained from his re-entry into politics? His most impressive gains are on the local level—in the towns, cities, and counties of peninsular Florida. The Negro community in many places

is getting better police protection. (Much of the Negro dissatisfaction with Southern law enforcement has risen from the extreme laxity of southern white police, juries, and judges toward Negroes accused of committing crimes against other Negroes.) At the same time, Negroes accused of offenses against white people seem to be receiving more just treatment. There is less unnecessary severity by the police in dealing with Negro suspects. Florida Negroes feel that they are getting much fairer treatment from local judges, constables, and justices of the peace since these officials have become concerned with winning Negro voters' support. Street lights, sidewalks, and paved streets are more common in communities where Negroes vote in substantial numbers. Negro civic centers, bandshells, playgrounds, libraries, hospital annexes, and even swimming pools are increasing. The swank Dade County Auditorium in Miami is now thrown open to Negro school commencements. Large-scale and low-rent housing projects for Negroes have been completed during the last few years by such municipalities as Jacksonville, Miami, Tampa, and Clearwater. In all of these cities the Negro vote is large. Negro school-building programs have expanded enormously and Negro teachers are being better paid. It should be noted that up to this time these developments have been within the context of "separate but equal" facilities. The Negro housing projects have been in segregated residential areas. Separate swimming pools, separate branch libraries, separate hospital annexes, and special "reserve days" for Negro use of municipal golf courses and auditoriums all reflect adherence to this pattern. It should also be noted that federal court decisions prior to 1954 and the fear of antisegregation decisions have been as much responsible for expanding some of these Negro projects as has Negro voting. However, these developments are farthest advanced where Negroes vote in large numbers.

The police forces of seventeen Florida cities now employ uniformed Negro policemen. Miami now has about fifty such policemen. In West Palm Beach one of the Negro policemen was actually promoted to sergeant. Miami has even gone so far as to appoint a Negro municipal judge, Lawson E. Thomas. The effects of Negro voting on the much more important area of private employment are generally indirect. Many companies doing a large volume of business with Negroes have found it advantageous to hire Negro employees, especially for retail selling. White businessmen who take an active part

in politics have found such hiring policies to be extremely important in the eyes of Negro voters.

Florida Negroes have registered some important gains on the state level. The Florida legislature has steadily refused to enact measures, tried in some southern states, designed to circumvent the federal court decisions outlawing the white primary. The attempt to cut off all state funds for public schools in the event of a United States Supreme Court decision abolishing segregation in Florida public schools was in 1953 defeated in the state senate. An expensive state detention home for Negro girls, the Forrest Hills Correctional Institute, has recently been opened. For the first time in its history the Florida Farm Colony for the feeble-minded recently opened several wards for Negroes.

On the national level southern Negroes have made contacts with their fellow Negroes in the North. The overwhelming vote in the Negro precincts for Truman in 1948, for Kefauver in the preferential primary of 1952, and for Stevenson in the presidential election of 1952 shows that southern Negroes think politically like their fellow Negroes in Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh, and New York. Of all the Florida groups responsible for Truman's victory in the state in 1948 and for Stevenson's large vote in 1952, the Negroes were the most solid in their support. Where basic issues which appear to involve Negro welfare are raised no amount of counter-leadership, counter-league activity, or counter-bargaining can deter the Negro from voting for what seems to him to be to his own self-interest.

Florida Negroes, like Americans everywhere, are interested in tangible benefits for themselves, a high standard of living, a greater share of the good things American society has to offer. To advance themselves within the American system they rely on Negro middle-class leadership. Their political activities to date reveal unmistakably that they will participate in southern and American politics with traditional American aims and values in mind and within the framework of traditional American party and political institutions. Their increasing participation should be watched for the ultimate bearing it will have in modifying political behavior within the one-party system and in producing some conditions which tend to hasten the development of a two-party system in the South and some conditions which tend to retard it.

James Madison and the Current Conservative Vogue

By NEAL RIEMER

One of the real intellectual perils inherent in the revival of an enlightened conservative credo is a failure to see modern conservatism in terms other than those of the school of Burke. As a result of this restricted vision, some purveyors of modern conservatism, despite their rightful revulsion against the radicalisms of the extreme left and right, despite their sane desire to slough off a reactionary or plutocratic conservatism, and despite their sometimes just criticism of what (for want of a better term) I call "professional liberalism," frequently commit the same intellectual sins which they ascribe to their benighted ideological opponents. An excellent case in point is Russell Kirk's stimulating and provocative book, *The Conservative Mind: From Burke to Santayana.*

My particular concern with this variety of the conservative mentality is the ineptness of its approach to the United States, in general, and to James Madison—one of this country's prime creators—in particular. Madison simply does not fit into any one of the categories—conservative or radical—set forth in *The Conservative Mind.* Instead, it can be shown that he has something in common with both the conservative and the radical outlook as they are understood by this recent, self-proclaimed disciple of the Burkean school of political interpretation. I would contend further that Madison's political philosophy, rather than Burke's—especially as Burke is interpreted by Kirk—is today a sounder guide for Americans to the perpetuation of worthy values; and that modern conservatives ignore Madison to the great peril of such values. At the risk of blowing Madison up out of all

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Neal Riemer is Assistant Professor of Political Science at the Pennsylvania State University. Author of *Problems of American Government* (1952), he is at present working on a reappraisal of Madison's political thought.

proportion to his intrinsic importance, and without any intention of underestimating Burke's historical influence or the enduring merits of his political philosophy, I would like to develop this line of argument in the following pages.

Was Madison a conservative in the good, intelligent, wise Burkean tradition? Apparently the author of *The Conservative Mind* does not think so. In his book there is no chapter or chapter-section on Madison. Indeed, there are only about five passing references to Madison in the entire book; and his name is nowhere mentioned in the book's index! No treatment whatsoever is accorded Madison's brilliant theory of the "extensive republic" (perhaps the most original contribution to republican and constitutional theory the modern world has yet seen), his magnificent role as Father of the Constitution (admittedly a bastion of American conservatism), his authorship of the Bill of Rights, and his prominent leadership in the nation for over a quarter of a century. Are these sins of omission the result of the rigid Burkean-like mold in which articulate and resurgent conservatism now takes its form?

Furthermore, if we appraise Madison's republican theory in the light of the six canons of conservative thought set forth in *The Conservative Mind* (which, according to the author, derive in large part from Burke as the Father of Modern Conservatism), what do we find?

Did Madison believe that "a divine intent rules society as well as conscience, forging an eternal chain of right and duty which links great and obscure, living and dead"? That "political problems, at bottom, are religious and moral problems"? That there are " 'great forces in heaven and earth that man's philosophy cannot plumb or fathom' "? That " 'we do not and may not' " " 'trust human reason' "? That "politics is the art or apprehending and applying the Justice which is above nature"?

It is not clear that Madison believed in a "divine intent" as interpreted in the phrase above; although he clearly believed in a universal moral order supported by, and a rightful political order grounded upon, natural law. This natural law, associated—somewhat vaguely, it must be conceded—in Madison's mind with the "justice of Heaven," sustained religious freedom instead of being sustained by religion. Madison appreciated the more immediate factors linking the

living and the dead—linking all republicans: rich and poor; North, South, and West; farmers, merchants, manufacturers; debtors, creditors—in the common republican experiment. But Madison's belief in the more nearly perfect Union was devoid of Burke's deeply reverential attitude toward a complex and awful chain of being. Madison was certainly aware of man's fallibility and finiteness but placed little trust in a mysterious and irrational doctrine of wise submission to a providential order or harmony of interests.

Did Madison have "affection for the proliferating variety and mystery of traditional life, as distinguished from the narrowing uniformity and equalitarianism and utilitarian aims of most radical systems"? Did he appreciate that "buoyant view of life" which Bagehot called " 'the proper source of animated Conservatism' "?

Madison had little affection for the traditional life simply because it was traditional. Indeed, he attacked key categories of the traditional life: the British monarchy, the Constitution of the British Empire as interpreted by Parliament, aristocracy, an established church, entrenched classes, slavery. This he did by upholding the republican cause in the American Revolution and ever afterward; by defending the principle of federal union; by advocating an almost absolute principle of separation of church and state; by endorsing the repeal of laws of entail and primogeniture; by condemning slavery in theory and favoring gradual emancipation and colonization in practice. But if Madison did criticize adversely some aspects of the traditional life, he also espoused that traditional life which embodies the core of a functioning republican (and, I may add, an enduringly conservative) order: responsible, representative, limited government; and a multiplicity of free groups—parties, churches, economic interests, among many, many others—which by their free play and competition sustain freedom. This is the healthy diversity and variety—deriving from the very nature of men—that makes republican government in an extensive republic possible. The buoyancy in Madison's views of life (might we not call it a qualified optimism?) is that which derives from the recognition that a pluralistic society sustains a soundly functioning republican order and encourages the prospects of the good republican life. But in this view there are no Burkean-like attitudes of mystery or awe or reverence for state, state-church, aristocracy, or economic-powers-that-be. There cannot be, for Madison is too keenly

aware of the fallibility of politicians, priests, aristocrats, economic men; and of the fact that they are by no means immune to engagement in factional organization and oppression. Here Madison parts company with certain good, intelligent conservatives, who sometimes, in their admiration for the very solid virtues of the traditional life, tend to gloss over that life's real vices. But, then, neither are Madison's aims the equalitarian and utilitarian aims of most radical systems, primarily because his suspicion of the masses equals his suspicion of the classes. Given liberty and the nature of man, uniformity is not only impossible, especially in political, religious, and economic life; it is positively undesirable. A "Utopia exhibiting a perfect homogeneousness of interests, opinions and feelings [has] nowhere yet [been] found in civilized communities." To assume such a Utopia is to contradict human nature, reason, and experience. To impose such a Utopia is to abolish liberty.

Did Madison believe that "civilized society requires orders and classes"? That "the only true equality is moral equality"? That "if enforced by positive legislation" "levelling leads to despair"? That in the absence of "natural distinctions among men" dictatorship thrives?

Madison had a very strong republican bias against monarchy and aristocracy. He rejected a class society based on orders and reinforced by status. Kings, nobles, plebeians—such classes constituted "artificial distinctions." He preferred the dignity of "truly republican simplicity." Madison believed not only in moral equality but also in substantial political equality and a greater measure of economic equality. While opposing radical agrarian laws and unjust economic levelling, he favored the elimination of laws of entail and primogeniture, opposed a state-supported religious hierarchy, criticized "degrading" titles for President and Vice-President, and supported other policies which would narrow the artificial gulfs separating the classes from the masses, one segment of the population from another. Rejecting Burke's acceptance of a prescriptive class arrangement, Madison would agree with Burke's recognition of the importance of a natural aristocracy of intellect, virtue, and high-minded regard for public duty.

Was Madison persuaded "that property and freedom are inseparably connected, and that economic levelling is not economic progress"?

Property and freedom are indeed inseparable. Few have been more insistent on this point than Madison. But—it must be clear—the prop-

erty he sought to protect was not monopoly, not an "excessive and dangerous cumulation of landed property in the hands of individuals," not the fiscal manipulations of "stock jobbers" in government paper. Madison's concept of physical property is closer to the spirit of Locke's original justification of property in terms of mixing labor and land; and is considerably removed from the exalted status that property was to receive in the perverted "conservative" doctrines of the post-Civil War Age of Enterprise. Similarly, Madison shared Locke's fuller understanding of property. In Madison's words, property, in its "larger and juster meaning," "embraces everything to which a man may attach a value and have a right": freedom of opinion, person, and faculties—as well as land, merchandise, and money. And although Burke would agree with Madison that we have not only "rights of property" but also a "property in rights," Burke's concept of the rights of men, in and under a prescriptive constitution, is considerably more circumscribed than Madison's concept of the inalienable rights of man, men, and groups under a republican constitution. One illustration may serve to point up this difference. Certainly Burke would have been highly suspicious of, if not forthrightly hostile to, Madison's suggestion in 1792 that it is desirable "by the silent operation of laws, . . . without violating the rights of property, [to] reduce extreme wealth towards a state of mediocrity, and [to] raise extreme indigence towards a state of comfort." Madison, one must quickly add, theoretically favored such a public policy, not because he was a doctrinaire leveler or blind to the preservation of freedom, but because he would agree with one of the points in the program of some modern conservatives: the widest diffusion of private property in order to ensure freedom. In a republic the widest diffusion of property does indeed ensure the safest "partnership of power" and, hence, the conservation of sound republican means and ends.

Did Madison place faith in "prescription"? Did he distrust "'sophisters and calculators'"? Did he feel that "man must put a control upon his will and appetite, for conservatives know man to be governed more by emotion than by reason"? Did he contend that "tradition and sound prejudice provide checks upon man's anarchic impulse"?

Madison shares (in certain phrases in a remarkable way!) some of Burke's belief in prescription, but his understanding of prescriptive

rights is considerably narrower and his feeling for prescriptive institutions is considerably less reverential than Burke's. Madison's willingness to upset and modify prescriptive rights and institutions puts him closer to Jefferson than to Burke, even though by temperament and intellect he was suspicious of "theoretic politicians," "visionary philosophers," and "benevolent enthusiasts." Neither his friendship for Jefferson nor his sympathy with the mood and ends of the Enlightenment prevented him, for example, from criticizing the practicality and desirability of Jefferson's doctrine of the continuing majority. Madison clearly recognized the strong role of the passions in political behavior and the imperative importance of restraints upon a man who was no angel, no philosopher-king, and who became worse in a crowd. Yet he relied less on tradition and sound prejudice and more on other natural and artificial safeguards—a multiplicity of competing interests, size of the country, a representative system, a federal system, separation of powers—to control faction and to prevent abuse of power. And he was not afraid to assert, over and over again, that republican government (for Madison the only sound conservator of worthy values) was, in the last analysis, grounded upon confidence in men's capacity for intelligent and virtuous self-government.

Did Madison recognize that "change and reform are not identical, and that innovation is a devouring conflagration more often than it is a torch of progress"? That "society must alter, for slow change is the means of its conservation, like the human body's perpetual renewal; but Providence is the proper instrument for change, and the test of a statesman is his cognizance of the real tendency of Providential social forces"?

Madison would certainly concede that change is inevitable in political, social, and economic life; that there is a difference between cautious, careful, practical, realistic, prudent, principled change *and* dogmatic, abstract, doctrinaire, theoretical, radical, visionary alteration. Madison could argue that remedies ought not to be applied in the "paroxysms of party and popular excitements"; that "changes hastily accommodated to these vicissitudes would destroy the symmetry and the stability aimed at in our political system." Madison reverenced the Constitution. Indeed, as much as any man in our early history, he helped establish in the American mind the gravity of constitutional questions, the use of the constitutional yardstick to judge questions of

public policy, and (particularly after the consolidating and plutocratic tendencies of the Federalist Party caused him to bury and/or modify his earlier nationalism) a more narrow interpretation of the powers of the government under the Constitution. Nevertheless, his concept of the constitution differs from Burke's concept of a consecrated, prescriptive constitution. His interpretation of substantive and procedural change, as well as his temperamental attitude toward change, is at variance with that of Burke. Simply put, he is much less fearful of changing things; he is much less afraid to try the new—if necessary, soundly conceived, well-related to the republican framework, and well-grounded in political reality. He has little respect for the old and the tried, if no longer true. The "people of America," he noted approvingly in No. 14 *Federalist*, "whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations," "have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for customs, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience." Indeed, said Madison, in this same number, "posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre, in favor of private rights and public happiness." Despite the decidedly conservative principles and patterns of the American Revolution and of the American Constitution, both movements constituted revolutions in a very significant sense. One severed a constitutional tie to Empire and Monarch. For Madison it constituted an unparalleled revolution. The other—at one fell stroke!—substituted for one constitution another based on some fundamentally different principles. For Madison the Constitution of 1787 was *sui generis*. And although one can only speculate, I feel that Burke—had he been an American—would have been in the loyalist camp during the Revolution, aghast at much of the revolutionary behavior which the youthful Madison advocated or approved. And even assuming that Burke had supported *a* revolution, he might very well have vehemently objected to republican independence. And even had he gone along with revolution and republic, he might well have opposed the attempt to remodel, in one summer, the evolving constitution of the Confederation. The point of such speculation is that it suggests that Madison was not a Burkean conservative, however much he shared a number of principles with Burke, however much Madison tried to demonstrate

that the Constitution of 1787 was less a radical break with the past than a truly progressive unfolding of the earlier constitution.

It should also be emphasized that while Madison does not fit neatly or loosely into the conservative pattern, neither does he fit into any of the radical patterns of political thought identified in such recent conservative scholarship as *The Conservative Mind:* "the rationalism of the *philosophes* and Hume, the romantic emancipation of Rousseau and his allies, the utilitarianism of the Benthamites, the positivism of Comte's school, and the collectivistic materialism of Marx and other socialists." Nor does Madison "attack the prescriptive arrangement of society" by advocating "meliorism," "contempt for tradition," "political levelling," and "economic levelling." "Detest" is too strong a word to describe Madison's attitude toward Burke's concept of the state. Although he was not very sympathetic to this concept, it is more accurate to say that he conceives of the state in a different way. Here he follows Locke rather than Burke.

Madison is perhaps closer to the "rationalism of the *philosophes* and Hume" than he is to the other radicalisms identified above. But it is a "rationalism" which is tempered by classical and Christian pessimism, which rejects Hume's philosophical skepticism and Tory political principles while accepting portions of his historical analysis and many of his historical judgments. In one of the few direct references to Rousseau that I can find in Madison's writings, Madison criticizes adversely Rousseau's project for universal peace, declaring that "projects for universal peace have done the greatest honor to the hearts, though they seem to have done very little to the heads of their authors." The tough-minded Madison—despite the fact that he, too, is a child of the Enlightenment—seems pretty far removed both from Rousseau's romanticism and Rousseau's mystical concept of the General Will. Madison also has his doubts as to the desirability and feasibility of Bentham's gratuitous proposal to draw up a "complete body of law . . . a pannomion" for the United States or for any of the states. Madison's concept of utility is closer to Burke's "approved utility" than to Bentham's felicific calculus. As for Comte—Madison was too much aware of man's fallibility, finiteness, and depravity to be a Comtean.

Madison does resemble Marx in several respects. There is, for example, a strain of determinism in Madison's thought. There is a keen recognition of class-and-interest struggle in Madison. There is

a thorough appreciation of the importance of economic factors in the shaping of public policy. But there even surface similarities end. For Madison bases his hopes for the perpetuation of republican government, not on the root-and-branch elimination of class-and-interest struggle but on the preservation of a competitive pluralistic society. He seeks to regulate class-and-interest struggle; not to eliminate classes—and perhaps liberty as well! Economic factors were perhaps the most fundamental and durable factors influencing the formation of public policy; but they were not, by any means, the only such factors. This was obvious to Madison, a remarkably penetrating student of human motivation. No political system, he would argue, is destined or predestined to either victory or defeat. He would be more prone to agree with Machiavelli's sentiment, expressed in the twenty-fifth chapter of *The Prince*, than with Marx: "Fortune [said Machiavelli] is the ruler of half our actions, but she allows the other half or thereabouts to be governed by us." Madison is much too distrustful of abuse of power to accept the dictatorship of proletariat, party, politburo, or the great man. He is too steeped in the Lockean heritage and too committed to the vital distinction between state and society to accept totalitarianism. He is too much of a revolutionary in the Lockean and Jeffersonian tradition to have much truck with Marxist force and violence. He is too suspicious of fallible and finite men to allow them to mold heterogeneous, heterodox, diverse man, men, and groups in the image of THE TRUTH.

Madison, unlike the meliorists, does not deny that "humanity has a natural proclivity toward violence and sin." On the contrary, throughout his writings he refers to man as unjust, wicked, depraved, quarrelsome, vain, foolish, avaricious, fickle, shortsighted, ambitious, opinionated, capricious, and fallible. Although he believed in humanity, reason, and progress, he was far from holding to the "perfectibility of man and the illimitable progress of society." Indeed, he was quite insistent that progress is not necessarily ever upward, ever onward toward some Republican Utopia. Yet this did not prevent him from hoping for and, in a significant sense, seeing the advance of republican principles and institutions in his own lifetime. Advance might come, even though territory gained might not be held, even though Napoleon might follow and destroy the promise of the French Revolution, even though backsliding might occur, even though sections of the South itself might

preach republican heresies, even though history warned of the mutability and mortality of all governmental forms.

Madison has contempt only for "a blind veneration for antiquity, for customs, or for names"; for false tradition based on false principles, such as monarchy, aristocracy, or church-establishment. He has a great deal of faith in the sound tradition of natural rights. He by no means rejects formal religion in favor of anti-Christian substitutes. Indeed, one of the noblest aspects of his life was his valiant and successful battle to establish the conditions that would make a purer and more vital religious life possible. Although his personal religious faith was perhaps not orthodox, his deep devotion to religious liberty, to the rights of religious conscience, is unmistakable. Minority religious groups, in general, would do well to reread his famous "Memorial and Remonstrance Against Religious Assessments." Catholics, in particular, would do well to remember his defense of their religion as not being "inconsistent with the purest Republicanism."

Theoretically, Madison favored a very democratic suffrage. Practically, he recognized the necessity for certain limitations on suffrage, until such time as the theoretically broadest "partnership of power" might be safely insured by the widest possible diffusion of property compatible with justice and the realities of power, economics, geography, and population. Theoretically and practically, he rejected direct democracy, while defending eloquently the absence of restrictions—wealth, birth, religious faith, civil profession—which might inhibit the election of representatives. Madison could condemn privilege and rigid orders, while supporting law and order. Politically, he was more eager for centralization and greater consolidation of power in his most "conservative" phase (around the time of the adoption of the Constitution) and least eager for centralization and consolidation in his most "radical" phase (say between 1792 and 1800).

In the realm of economics, Madison did not "suspect" or "hack at" the institution of private property, although he attacked the stockjobbers in government paper, condemned monopoly, and called for the abolition of certain ancient rights of property—laws of entail and primogeniture. Property must be protected, not only because it is an important right, but because its stability is intimately related to that justice, that confidence, and that virtue upon which republican governments are grounded, and without which they cannot be maintained.

Although Madison rejected the concept of a consecrated state, he had a clear recognition of the web of society and of a state "knit together" "by so many chords of affection." Nevertheless, for Madison society and state are distinct; they have different purposes and functions. They do not tend to blur, consciously or unconsciously, into one as they sometimes do in Burke; and to become (as Ernest Barker points out) a "total and all-inclusive" "society-state." In this connection, Burke's political philosophy seems to lend itself more easily to totalitarianism than Madison's. This is not to charge that Burke is a totalitarian; it is simply to suggest that Madison's concept of the state and society is better adapted to the conservation of our values against totalitarian ideologies than is Burke's.

I have, thus far, tried to demonstrate that Madison doesn't seem to fit into the categories of certain recent conservative scholarship. This is traceable to the Burkean-like mold in which such scholarship takes its form, a dogmatic mold which, paradoxically, such scholarship acknowledges to be alien to Burke's genius. Yet it is impossible to deny the conservative elements in Madison's thought. Is Madison ignored because he is not in the line of Burke? Or because he did not take a strong enough stand against the radical theories which have confronted us since the French Revolution, but instead reveals important radical elements in his thinking?

If we were given a separate "liberal" category, it might be possible to argue that there is theoretical room here for Madison, even if not in a book concerned primarily with Burkean conservatives and their enemies. But no such category is forthcoming. Rather, we are informed that political liberalism (old style) is either a variety of conservatism or virtually identical with conservatism. The greater liberals were imbued with the spirit of Burke. As for modern liberalism—it has failed or has been discredited. Since Madison, a man whose ideas have been of great importance to conservatism in the United States, cannot be treated as an intellectual pariah simply because he doesn't fit, there is a temptation to conclude that Kirk's conservative categories are unreal, contrived, oversimplified. If modern conservatives put all their eggs in this Burkean-style basket, they are in for trouble.

In my earlier comparison of Madison with Kirk's categories I implied the superiority of Madison's theory and its vital relationship to values worth conserving. At this point I would like to summarize

Madison's conservative political philosophy in order to emphasize these points and to suggest a Madisonian basis for modern conservatism. This political philosophy provides us with a sounder guide than does Burke's to the conservation of worthy values—against the anti-republican encroachments of our time.

Madison's is the more realistic, dynamic, constructive political philosophy. This philosophy is based on a hard-headed concept of human nature, modified by a qualified confidence in man, and buttressed by certain natural safeguards inherent in and certain auxiliary precautions possible in an extensive republic. Man's makeup is an amalgam of depravity and fallibility *and* virtue and wisdom. A political philosophy or political order predicated solely on sinners or solely on saints is foredoomed to failure. But a blending of pessimism and optimism with regard to liberty-loving, heterogeneous, heterodox, fallible, virtuous, intelligent man, men, and groups may serve to vitalize and energize the republican experiment, steeling us against the worst, encouraging our hopes for the best.

Madison's political philosophy recognizes class-and-interest-struggle as the very heart of the free society and the republican state; but accepting such struggle, moves on to harness and use it without destroying liberty or impairing authority. Justice and limited government are preserved without sacrificing republican rights and popular rule. The struggle for power and the likelihood of abuse of power should make us highly suspicious of the entrenched and enriched classes as well as of the persistent and impoverished masses. Monarchy, aristocracy, oligarchy, plutocracy, mobocracy, theocracy—all these are undesirable and unsafe. But if the majority will in an extensive republic is the safest will, it, too, is by no means immune to error or to abuse of power. The rights of man, men, and groups must be preserved, regardless of who threatens such rights: majority or minority. It is always proper to take alarm at the first threat to our liberties; and, if necessary, to engage in bold and sometimes "radical" action to secure such rights. Similarly, in other matters, not directly affecting personal civil rights—e.g., the contraction of a legitimate debt—the instant majority is not free to do as it wishes. Its actions have often rightly been circumscribed by dead majorities acting rightly for the benefit of unborn generations. Without the acceptance of this truth, stable and farsighted political action is impossible.

Yet recognizing the limitations of man, the dangers of faction, and the shortsightedness of instant majorities, strong and popular government there must be. Zealous devotion to the basic rights of man, men, and groups—due process of law, freedom of religion, of speech, press, communication—must be matched by devotion to strong, efficient, able, soundly established government capable of coping with common problems. And as revolution is an ultimate weapon that may be employed as a natural right to safeguard republican rights and rule against intolerable oppression, so radical political reform may be necessary to obtain a new constitution adequate to the demands of a more nearly perfect union. Such a union creates the conditions for the flowering of man's good, creative pursuits in society: pursuits which sustain a free and open society as they are sustained by it.

Madison's political philosophy constitutes a remarkably creative quest for a more nearly perfect union, dedicated to natural rights and based on republican principles—rights and principles of enduring validity and vitality. This philosophy is wonderfully fresh in its appeal and modern in its application: having transformed the roughly competitive pluralistic society, and the huge size of America, from vices which destroy into virtues which can preserve an extensive republic of significant powers. It is a philosophy which has succeeded well in reconciling liberty and authority, in balancing center and circumference, in avoiding the oppression of the classes or the masses, and in curbing both the selfish friends and the scheming foes of republicanism.

The powerful and democratic ferment of modern America—and, indeed, of the modern world—will not be transformed into truly conservative wine by the ideological alchemy of Burke's philosophy of prescription. Perhaps when American conservatives in the school of Burke discover the great conservative in their own back yard, and take his theory to heart, the current pseudo-conservative vogue may become a genuine conservative victory.

A STORY

The Blinds Drawn Down

By RUTH KRONMAN

MRS. WALLACE was having her second cup of coffee at the little table in the bay of the dining room. The newspaper was propped before her. Mrs. Wallace took her coffee black, but she always had a nice round lump of strawberry preserve on her toast.

"Can't deny myself everything, can I, Madeline?"

"No indeed, Mis' Wallace."

It was routine, the coffee, the jam, the question, the answer. Madeline, after only a month here, coming in every day, knew just what to expect. When she arrived the two girls were just getting off in a great commotion of lunch boxes and notes to the teacher and reminders about music lessons and sharp cries, "Mother, you're pulling," and "Stand still, won't you," and "Hurry, now, hurry, hurry." When the girls left Mrs. Wallace was exhausted and sat down for her coffee as if she had done a day's work.

When Madeline arrived, she cleared the breakfast things away, the scattered crumbs of cereal, the half-drunk glasses of milk, the cold, dispirited pancakes or broken pieces of toast. She set out a mat for Mrs. Wallace, a fresh napkin, tidied the sugar bowl and gave a wipe to the toaster.

"Why, how *nice*," Mrs. Wallace would say.

Mrs. Wallace was not hard to work for. Madeline liked the house. It was crisp, it was neat. Everything Mrs. Wallace had, she had to have just so. Not too many little bits and fancies, but good, solid furniture. Things matched. Even the flowers. When she brought them in from the garden, the yellow ones went in the living room, where things were grey and blue and yellow. Once Madeline had put pink roses there, and Mrs. Wallace transferred them to the dining room,

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RUTH KRONMAN, a former high school teacher, has published a number of short stories in the "slick" magazines as well as in the literary quarterlies. She is now working on a novel.

where the paper was blue, with bits of tiny pink roses and white blossoms, and the dishes were blue and white. There was blue all through the house. Just last week when some drapes faded into the wrong shade, there was quite a time with the cleaner over the matter. But it was not a wrangling, fussy argument, that many of these particular ladies went in for. Mrs. Wallace did not fuss. She had a matronly, definite air that Madeline admired.

From the very beginning they got along. There was a kind of mutual recognition on both sides. Madeline was a lady, Mrs. Wallace recognized as she interviewed her; from her dress, which was quiet and tailored; from the white scarf neatly knotted at her throat; the navy blue hat with its touch of white; the clean white cotton gloves. She was not young. Somehow the young women these days were not ladies: too flashy, too intent on having a good time, too unsettled. Madeline was a broad-bosomed, round-faced woman, with neat hair, silver-rimmed spectacles, a composed brown face from which radiated a certain calm and orderliness.

On her side, Madeline saw in Mrs. Wallace the old-fashioned kind of woman: broad, motherly, neat. She wore house dresses in the morning, stockings, firm, laced-up oxfords. No pants for her, Madeline thought gratefully; she had disliked the last place, where the woman of the house slouched in faded dungarees like a school girl, or in a flaring skirt and open shoes with bare legs. Not seemly, in a house with a maid. Madeline always wore uniforms; she felt adequate in them. She felt they gave her style. And how could a uniformed maid open a door for a caller on a lady in faded, rolled up *pants!*

There was nothing of that sort here. Mistress and maid, both were seemly, both fit their station, and were happy with one another.

Madeline was in the living room. She liked to pull the blinds way up, open the windows, let in the sun and light; and then, when the room was shining and clean, draw down the blinds again, leaving the slats open for that dim half-light that slid through, so the room looked hushed and private. Mrs. Wallace liked that too; and Madeline thought, maybe that was why she liked it here. The blinds were always drawn. Mrs. Wallace never told her things, where she was going, or things about her husband and children, the way other women did. She never had arguments in front of her. A job never lasted, that way; one got to know too much, and sooner or later the woman didn't

like it, was embarrassed, and you were through. Mrs. Wallace didn't ask her to have lunch with her, and then wiggle out when she felt like eating alone. It was a job she had here, of maid; not confidante, not one of the family. She was paid for work. She liked it that way. And Mrs. Wallace had not asked her about her family, nor given advice, the way some women do so freely. The blinds were drawn between them, too, Madeline thought, as she adjusted the slender slats just so.

"Why, Madeline!"

She heard the pleasant voice behind her.

"Yes, Mis' Wallace?" She turned from the window blind. Mrs. Wallace was standing in the arch that separated dining from living room, a newspaper in her hand.

"Is this anybody related to you in the newspaper? It's an unusual name—Andremonde, Ray Andremonde, of Carver Village—I just happened to glance at the sports headlines. . . ."

"Yes, ma'am." She spoke slowly. "It's my son."

"Why, Madeline, how exciting. I didn't know you had a son who was a fighter."

I never told you, Madeline thought, why should I? You never asked. It's another part of my life, the blinds are down, why raise them? But she looked at the short stout woman beaming at her, and felt sorry at her resentment. She was not prying. She really thought it was exciting. She had not seen Ray last night, when he came home, staggering like an old man; nor last month, when one eye was closed, and the flesh was all bleeding around his mouth. Mrs. Wallace was standing, waiting for an answer.

"He's the youngest."

"He must be very good. Listen to this: 'In the prelims young Henson was knocked out early in the fourth by a blow to the jaw from the powerful left of the spectacular Brown Bomber, Ray Andremonde, who is moving fast in local circles.' He must be good, Madeline."

"That's what they say, Mrs. Wallace." Good? Good for what? She should have seen him. Where does it lead, the punching and fighting and knocking down and the crowd he runs with, the pretty little fast girls who only like the money, and the tough men who make themselves a living from my boy's fists? What will come of him?

What will come of all my years of fighting to keep us respectable, quiet, orderly? It is a thing out of my control, out of my order, out of my dignity, and I do not like it.

"I must tell Mr. Wallace. He likes the fights, you know. He'll be so proud. . . . When you get upstairs, Madeline, will you see if you can get the fingerprints off the woodwork in Jill's room? I don't know what I'm going to do with her, she's getting so terribly careless. . . ."

When Madeline left that afternoon Mrs. Wallace, instead of the usual "Good afternoon, Madeline, see you tomorrow," said, "I'll be sure to tell Mr. Wallace." And Madeline said, "Afternoon, Mis' Wallace," and forced a smile.

On the way home, on the bus, she wondered why she was so angry that Mrs. Wallace knew about Ray, what she did know. Most of the places where she had worked they knew: she had even been a little proud, sometimes; Ray was getting to be known, and his color didn't count against him, not like Johnny, who had done so well in school, and worked so hard in that business course, and who still was just a helper at a gas station. Not like the oldest boy, Jim, whose flashy spirit wouldn't take the long slow way, and who had left school early and knocked around, and who was now in Detroit in a factory, doing porter work, sweeping floors, her bright, angry boy. She hadn't minded the others knowing, but somehow she minded with Mrs. Wallace. She was a lady there; she felt it. She felt Mrs. Wallace's respect—she even introduced her to guests as Mrs. Andremonde. Between her and Mrs. Wallace she felt there was something special, a mutual respect for their mutual dignity, and she did not want to spoil it.

It was Madeline's habit, when she got back to the three-room apartment she shared with Ray to turn on the radio and listen to music. The little square rooms, so cold seeming with their spare furnishings, took on warmth from the music, and fullness. When Ray came home, he said, "Can't you get something snappier, Ma? Sounds like a funeral." But to Madeline the Strauss waltzes, the airs from operas and operettas, the humming of spirituals and the bravado of the marches filled her home with meaning. They were the warm tones of a rug she did not have, and the glow of brass and fire irons by a nonexistent fireplace. Madeline had always filled the empty places, the worn places, the lonely places, with music. And now, as the fall

wore into Christmas, and beyond, and she settled into the job at Mrs. Wallace's, it seemed that her life was running like a piece of music she had once heard: a sweet, steady undertone, of work, of order; but in the dominant theme—what risings and fallings, what great wailing crescendos, what contrasts of sudden sharp excitement, dropping all at once into deep lamentation.

These two, the straight, defined melody, and the crazy interweaving of change, were her life. For the days went on at Mrs. Wallace's; the laundry Monday, the ironing Tuesday, the beds changed and upstairs done on Wednesday; the silver and brass and closets on Thursday; the downstairs on Friday. Mrs. Wallace's quiet way, the house that was never messy, the menus that were prearranged, the rare luncheon guest that never caused an upheaval. For change, a sharp word to the girls, a sick headache, a day when the washing machine went out of order and a plumber or electrician came. "Such a day!" Mrs. Wallace would say to Mr. Wallace. "The car wouldn't start, the market was late with the order and I had to switch menus, the pot roast wouldn't have had time; and on top of everything Jill's dress from the cleaner had to go back. You know she needs it for the party Saturday. I tell you I'm worn out."

And then, the dominant theme—home. This was the fall and winter of Ray Andremonde's spectacular rise. He was fighting steadily now; training, and fighting, and recuperating; training and fighting; and trying to recuperate. Between fights he had money. He had girls, and a two-seater yellow car. He had "business" that kept him away from home and brought him back quarrelsome and noisy. The kids on the street followed him and he laughed with them and gave them quarters; the cop on the corner knew him, and in every bar they knew him. Big Ray Andremonde, the pride of Carver Village, the future light heavyweight champ of the world. There was no doubt of it. His picture was in every paper, and cartoons and caricatures of him. In a sports magazine, they wrote him up as a model son, the boy who took care of his mother, and he showed the article to Madeline, who read it without comment.

"You don't seem proud, Ma."

"I don't know what that means, proud. I'm proud you're a fine man, Ray. I'd like to see you settle down with some nice girl, make a home, play a man's part like it ought to be."

"You don't understand." She could see the anger forming behind his eyes. "You never give me credit."

"About the fighting? Ray, where it gonna lead? You won't always be a boy, where you gonna be when you're thirty-five, forty?"

"I don't care about that. I'll get plenty dough before then, open a store, be somebody all my life."

"There's lots of ways to be somebody. Don't you think I'm somebody? Even though I'm a maid by the day?"

"Whatsa use talking. Everybody but my own mother." He was sullen as he had been as a child, and she saw the child in him more and more. He brought her presents, a fine bag, a new radio, and for Christmas a television set. She tried to be pleased. But when he said, "They gonna show some of the fights, you can watch, you haven't seen me. . . ." proudly, like a child, Look, Ma, look what I'm doing—she wanted to cry.

She turned it on, once, when neighbors came to watch Ray, and she was ashamed not to be one of them. But she was sick at heart. The noise, the evil-faced crowds, the screaming excitement; worse, the deliberate, practiced violence, the planned blows, the "defense" that was a calculated running away. Fighting was something else to Madeline: a clean defense of dignity. It was not a sport. It was standing up squarely to an insult or a blow, not running away. It was keeping silent to a taunt, and speaking up to an insult. It was in her own estimate of her own dignity. And there was Ray, his nostrils flaring like an animal, the sweat running off him, his beautiful hard body crouching and punching and being punched. For money. And for the howling crowd.

All that winter it was as if there was a great noise in her ears, a great surge of motion and action and sound. There was no rest at home. When Ray was there, he was sullen, and between them there was a vast anger. She could not draw the curtain down between them. She was irritated by him, by his friends, by the presents he bought her, by the anger she was raising in him.

She watched him, too. And she knew he was weakening. She read the articles in the local press by the writers who knew all about fighting and who were so glad to have a local boy to praise. But she knew Ray, her own boy, youngest child, whose every muscle and

bone were familiar to her. She watched his eyes, with the pain behind them; saw how it took longer each time for him to come back. He knew he was slowing, as she knew, and he grew more angry.

Ray came home one February night after his biggest fight, with his friends. They had stopped the bleeding, but they could not cover the puffed and swollen mouth, the closed eye. They half carried him in and dumped him in his room.

"He'll be O.K. in a coupla days," the men said. "It was some fight." She waited stiffly for them to leave. She went in to cover him. It was a habit of many years; as long as he was home, she went in every night to cover him. He lay now in his baby position, as she had seen him these many years, legs drawn under, one arm stretched above his head, across the pillow, one palm cradling his curving cheek.

"Ray!" she said softly.

He opened one eye.

"Ma."

She shook her head. He saw the expression of her face and in answer to her unspoken words he said, "Everybody gets this, and worse. This is nothin'. Everybody gets a little. I'm not a baby, Ma."

She looked past him and saw him as he was, and heard the same cry: they *all* do it. They all shoot craps. They all quit school. They all. . . . But not her own! Not Ray. Not any of her own.

She pulled the covers up, straightening the sheet and turning it down, as she had so many times—but the sweetly closed eyes were puffed, and his mouth swollen and cut. The boy was gone. He was a man, giving himself to be beaten. She covered her eyes from the sight, and cried silently inside her. She left early the next morning, leaving him still sleeping, to the steady, measured round of work at the Wallaces'.

Mr. Wallace was home this day, when Madeline came in, sitting in his robe, newspapers around him, over coffee and the sports page. Madeline came in through the kitchen door and caught sight of Mr. Wallace, and smiled stiffly. She was not at ease with him. He was a jovial kind of man, talked as if he thought he was being funny. Mrs. Wallace seemed a little uneasy with him, too, as if she never knew what to expect. She hovered over him now.

"Don't you think you ought to stay in bed, Walter?"

"That's right, dear, fuss over me. I love it."

"Oh, Walter! Good morning, Madeline."

"Good morning, Mis' Wallace, Mr. Wallace."

She started to slide past them to the door of the basement, where she changed into her uniform every morning. But Mr. Wallace stopped her.

"How's the famous woman this morning? Feeling all set up? Why, if I had a boy like yours, I wouldn't come to work next day. You ought to celebrate this one."

"Now, Walter, I don't think Madeline. . . ." Mrs. Wallace looked distressed. She watched Madeline.

But Mr. Wallace ploughed ahead.

"He must get quite a lot for a fight like that."

"Yes, Mr. Wallace, I guess he does."

"Just think, Madeline, you'll be riding to work in a car, one of these days. And you'll have furs, and fine clothes. . . ."

Mrs. Wallace was fidgeting. Madeline looked to her. The women stood uncomfortably. Flecks of dust were streaming in the sunlight through the raised blind of the breakfast room.

"I gotta get to my work, Mr. Wallace. Excuse me." She made her way to the basement door, and walked slowly down. Mr. Wallace looked at his wife.

"I can't understand that woman. Hasn't she got a heart? She doesn't seem to care about anything but the dust in the house. Why, I bet she'll still be your maid when her boy is fighting at the Garden. You're lucky, Jean."

"I wish you wouldn't talk to her like that, Walter. I don't think she likes it."

"Oh, my God. Women. What doesn't she like?"

"Questioning, I don't know, kidding like. She's very respectable, you know. I wouldn't want her to leave."

"She'll probably leave. Even Madeline. With that boy earning a thousand dollars a night, how long you think she'll love doing your curtains? You better start looking for another maid."

"Oh, Walter, do you think so?" She looked worried. "She's the best one I've ever had."

* * *

Time wears on, sometimes, when nothing seems to be happening; and suddenly a great deal has happened. It was so with Madeline and Ray, that winter. Time wore on, the first false warmth of spring came, and the sharp winds of March; the first softness of spring air, first lengthening days, first crocuses peering up on lawns as she walked from the bus to the Wallaces' every morning. It was the time between fights. There was always this time, when Ray hung around, recuperated, and then started going down to the gym and training again. But it was different this time. The recuperating was different; more aimless; slower; there was no talk of new matches. And then suddenly it had happened.

It was April when Madeline suddenly realized that Ray was not training. That there were fewer phone calls. That he was not resting, now, but restless, that suddenly he seemed jobless.

"What's doing, Ray?" she asked him one night at supper.

"How you mean?"

"You know how I mean. I don't see you goin' out no more; you seem just hangin' around, now."

"It's first I hear you interested in what's doin' with me. I thought you'd be glad, Mama's little boy not fightin' no more."

Her heart seemed to turn over.

"Is that true, Ray?" As she saw him sitting, the powerful body so slack, she knew it was true. "Is something wrong, Ray?"

"Nothin' wrong, I just can't fight no more. That's all."

He stood up, pushed his plate away. "What for you pickin' on me all of a sudden. Leave me alone, can't you!" He started to leave, but the power of decisiveness had left him. He turned at the sharp, motherly sound of her voice.

"Don't speak to me so, Ray. I won't fool you, you know I don't like the fightin', but I'm sorry if you're upset over it. You had to come to live a man's life sometime, sooner the better, sooner you face up, get a job, settle down, marry some nice girl. . . ."

He interrupted her with a cry. "How can I, Ma, be some laborer someplace, run an elevator, after what I been. Be watching the nickels, after the way all those dollars rolled in. Listen to some boss, after I had my pictures in the papers, and the kids run after me in the streets, and the crowds yelled for me. . . . How can I settle down, Ma? How can I?"

"You got to face up, Ray. There's good ways to live quiet. It's the only good way, for us."

* * *

She finished early, next day, at the Wallace's. Mrs. Wallace was having her Red Cross group in for tea in the afternoon. She wanted everything done ahead and told Madeline she could leave as soon as she got through. It was just after three when she started for home. She should have been glad for the extra hours; happy to get off work, out into the daylight, her time her own. But she turned reluctantly homeward as she left the bus, walked slowly up the street, past the service station, past the big laundry place that took half her block, down to the narrow building she lived in.

As she felt her way down the dark hallway to the back end of the building—why was there never any light?—she heard noises. Loud gruntings, stompings, a long call, and her heart started to beat fast. She turned her key and stopped at the entrance to the kitchen. It was a square, clean room, that served as sitting room, too, and she worked over it; the curtains were starched and the linoleum she had put down last Christmas shone with wax. But in the crisp room slouched Ray and two other young men, leaning on the table, yahoo-ing. They stopped when they saw her, looked at her with silly grins. A pall of sweetish smelling smoke hung above the table, and Ray doused a cigarette as his mother walked into the room.

"You home early, hey Ma? Hey Ma? Have a smoke, Ma. Have a beer. Have a little fun, Ma."

"Shut up, Ray, you high." One of the men grabbed him. He swung.

"I can still fight. Fight the whole world, that's me, whole world, yes sir. Hey Ma. Have a smoke. Wheeh! Wooh! Lift you clean up into heaven, Ma. Clean to heaven."

Her first impulse was to turn and run. But as she saw the fog across his eyes, the empty grin, the debris of ashes and empty beer cans, it seemed to her that he was corrupting not only himself but her home, her years of struggle, her life, herself, and a roaring rage filled her at the destruction. She screamed at him. "Get out. Get out of here."

She advanced toward Ray and his friends, looking around for something to beat them with, something to strike with, and the rage in her eyes and in her voice made them shrivel.

"We goin', we goin'." They stood and retreated before her, the three tall young men retreated before this small, neat, plump, middle-aged woman. She yelled at them as they shuffled their way to the door. "Get out. You can't do this. I won't have it. Get out."

She slammed the door behind them, and turned to her house. All the long years of trying, of keeping clean and respectable, the terrible effort—all that he would destroy.

Deliberately she wiped from her consciousness the pictures that kept forming. Ray. Ray, her beautiful baby, stronger and taller than the rest. Ray, the swaggering one, the proud one. Ray with the children running after him—now loose-lipped, fuzzy, the proud head bent, the shoulders stooping. Ray yahooing with a sick smile. . . . She wiped the pictures out, bit back the tears that would come, swallowed the hard knot of misery and welling love and turned it to anger.

Stirring her anger, fostering it, she lit into the cleaning of the kitchen with a fury of energy. Wipe out the dirt he had brought in. That he should do this to her! All that made her life worth while was in the order, the respectability she had maintained all these hard long years; and he would destroy it. She would make no room for pity. He was destroying himself; he would not destroy her. Exhausted, finally, after her scrubbing and worn with anger and sorrow, she slept. She would not let herself wonder where Ray was and what he was doing. She pushed the fears away, and slept. And went into Mrs. Wallace's in the morning.

She changed quickly into her uniform, savoring its crispness, liking the trim, workmanlike air it gave her. Nothing like a uniform to make you feel just right. In the breakfast room Mrs. Wallace was just getting ready for her second cup of coffee. Madeline cleared the breakfast things, brushed up the crumbs, set out a clean white mat.

"How are you this morning, Madeline," Mrs. Wallace said.

"Oh me? Fine, thanks, I'm *all right*, Mis' Wallace."

She escaped as quickly as possible into the living room. It was almost as she had left it yesterday, the blinds drawn down just so; the narcissus crisp in their white bowl. Only sign of the evening before was Mrs. Wallace's knitting bag set in the corner of the sofa, and the crumpled cushion of Mr. Wallace's easy chair. She plumped the cushion and she felt angry. This was their life; it never formed dirt. The room stayed clean, they stayed clean, and someone was

always there to pick up after their little living. Why can't I live like this! she cried. And then she saw that Mr. Wallace's ash tray, next to his chair, had a few butts in it, and she took it into the kitchen. The sight of the butts unnerved her, though she knew they were only Lucky Strikes, and she started to gag as she emptied the ash tray. Mrs. Wallace watched her.

"Don't you feel well, Madeline?" she said in a worried tone.

"Mess," Madeline said under her breath, "I can't stand the mess."

Mrs. Wallace looked bewildered. "Madeline, if you don't feel well, you can lie down."

She wanted to scream at her, "Get out, leave me alone with your kindness that shows up my dirt like a light, with your cleanness that shines on the mess in my life." But she could not. Mrs. Wallace was a kind woman, and she could not hurt her. Madeline emptied the ash tray, and washed her hands at the kitchen sink, and tears rolled down her face.

And then, because she could not bear the quiet, worried watching of this woman, and because she herself was so battered by her anger and her sadness, she told her. How she had found Ray, and his friends.

"Those are, you know, those reefers. Dope. They go on from there to needles. I know it. It will ruin him. My baby. The beautiful strong boy. *It will ruin me!*" she cried. "*You don't know how I've tried!*"

Mrs. Wallace stood helplessly shaking her head, saying, "There now, Madeline, maybe he'll stop since he knows you're so upset. Things will work out."

The rest of the day they were both uncomfortable. Mrs. Wallace went up to her room, to read, and Madeline was glad. She rushed through the work, skipping things here and there, leaving some dust behind, and not caring. She only wanted to escape. Mrs. Wallace was in the kitchen when Madeline left. She smiled self-consciously and said, "I hope things work out," and Madeline said, "Yes, Ma'am" and "I'm late for the bus," and went out.

She couldn't go in the next morning. Ray had not come back, she wanted no questions, no questioning looks. She phoned to say she didn't feel well and Mrs. Wallace said, "Of course, Madeline, I understand."

She knew she would not go back. It was as if the light poured too strongly on a dirty room, and there were no blinds to pull down

any more, nothing that could be set cleanly between them as before. There would be questions, as she set herself to her job of rebuilding; the blinds of her respectability, her success, had been raised, and there were failure within and uncleanness. She could not stand so exposed.

She sent her neighbor in, a young woman who was looking for a steady job, and told Mrs. Wallace, on the phone, "She'll help you till I can come again." But they both knew she would not come.

"I told you you'd lose her," Mr. Wallace said. "She's in the chips. Whatever happened to that son of hers, I don't see him in the paper."

"How would I know," Mrs. Wallace said. "The new girl's all right," she said, "but the house just doesn't look the same. Why, Madeline even used to draw the blinds just so, even and perfect."

Movie Psychiatrics

By MARTIN S. DWORKIN

SCREEN PSYCHIATRY inherited much of the movies' older mythos of medicine. Young Dr. Kildare, old Dr. Gillespie, and their myriad colleagues easily switched from homey simplifications of the medically arcane to palatable psychoanalysis, the old soap-opera science keeping up with progress, prescribing Freud's protean penicillin.

Of course, the new language had to be learned. And sometimes, the screen refracted the careful terminologies with disconcerting imprecision. The language of the couches and clinics, often beclouded enough, seemed to have been imperfectly absorbed by the popularizers themselves, emerging like the spirited garblings of matrons describing their illnesses and operations over tea—or Thurber's triumphantly inexact maid, Della, whose sister, she confided, "got tuberculosis from her teeth, and it went all through her symptom."

Much of the difficulty had to do with the importunate imperialism of the new depth psychology, whose revelations, formulated in the special language of its own province, could usurp so easily the imaginative essence of works of imagination. Dostoievsky had written psychological novels, and Goethe and Coleridge had projected the turmoil of personality upon creations of action and symbolic meaning. But their terms were always those of the novelist and poet; their characters were not case-studies masquerading as fiction; their claims to universality were persuasively inspired, not dogmatically presupposed.

Freud's own literary power had been misleading. His accounts of cases were not mere reports, but works of creative interpretation. The novelists who took his insights at second-hand too often failed to create personality. They assumed a structure of interpretation; their characters were believable only if one believed first in psychoanalysis, as in

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MARTIN S. DWORKIN, a free-lance writer, has published widely in England, Africa, and in this country. At present he is regular film critic of the *Progressive* magazine. Mass media, propaganda, and psychological warfare are among his particular interests.

a religious architecture bearing separate components of faith. Many painters, too, proffered the new symbols as if they carried the meanings of old magics, like the simple words of proverbs, instead of being still too new, too bound in their intention to too short a time and too narrow a place. Music, only, seemed to retain its autarchy. At least, if some composers did try to set "The Psychopathology of Everyday Life" to a tune, their literalizing went unnoticed among the sounds—except, perhaps, by those who suspected all along that modern cacophonies really denoted obscure derangements expressed musically, in chords of diminished superegos.

In the movies, as in radio and television melodramas, it was also difficult to absorb the disembodied findings of psychology, or social psychology, recreating them in valid terms of the filmic or aural media. We became used to—even tolerant of wordy explanations of the motivations of characters, delivered by white-tunicked oracles in speeches suitably sprinkled with the powerful words of the new *mystique:* "guilt," "complex," "frustration," "ambivalence," "anxiety," "neurosis," "unconscious," "ego," and whatever others might dress up the hasty scarecrows of characterization.

The weakest moments of "Crossfire," to choose an example of much finer quality than most, were those during which the personality of the homicidal anti-Semite was being verbally dissected in psychosociological terms. The strongest were those in which he revealed his character through his acting. That the conception of character which he projected was derived largely from the findings of the social sciences concerning race prejudice and mania is not important from the standpoint of the creative problem. An actor, or painter, or musician, or novelist may have a "philosophy" underlying his work. But his problem as artist is to express himself by means of his medium—else why be an artist at all?

Nor is the creative problem one of merely dramatizing some scientific certainty. A work of imagination assumes grounds of credibility quite different from those of a work of science—just as we cannot speak of dramatizing a syllogism, an inherent antinomy. One may be rigorously logical, or scientific, in discovering the meaning and value of one's belief. But their expression in a work of art must be according

to another logic, having to do with another commitment on the part of artist and audience, another order of persuasion.

In fact, the troubles of films that have taken scientific psychology as thematic material have come often from their being merely psychiatry—and this too facile or too simple. The problem was apparent from the beginning of the genre—for example, the earliest, and still one of the most interesting American films of the type, Charles Vidor's "Blind Alley," of 1939. Here the familiar theme of the fugitive gangster dominating a house of ordinary, decent folk was given a psychiatric twist. The master of the house, Ralph Bellamy, happened to be a psychoanalyst. When reason and even violence failed to overcome the gangster, Chester Morris, Bellamy decided to "destroy" him by analysis—showing, by the way, and despite provocation, a rather cavalier ethical commitment to the uses of science.

Like a wizard exercising an omnipotent magic, Bellamy uncovered the basic father-hatred that had made and motivated the gangster. Presto! The gangster was powerless. Now that he knew the cause of his criminal urges, he could no longer pull triggers against society, the father-image, and was killed. Bellamy needed only a few hours of incisive incantations, according to the time-span of the film.

Such therapeutic speed, it may be added, seems to characterize the psychiatric cures effected on the screen. And making long and difficult matters appear quick and easy is what we mean by oversimplification, after we have disposed of righteous disputations over the nuances of terminology. Even the Europeans, so quick to decry Hollywood's miraculizing, have made what can only be bad propaganda for psychiatry, allowing dramatic license to solve in moments problems usually needing years. "The Eternal Mask," made by the Swiss in 1936, first shown here the next year and currently being revived, is a fine film, a screen classic, demonstrating the use of surrealistic style to express disturbance of mind and spirit. But its drama depends fundamentally upon extraordinary simplification. The doctor who risks his patient's life and his own reputation on his new meningitis serum plunges instantaneously into schizoid delusions, after his patient dies. This much may be credible—although it doesn't speak well for the emotional stability of doctors. But he emerges from his delusions—symbolized expressionistically, recalling the genre of German surrealist cinema that owed so much to Freud—in a matter of

hours, returning to productive normalcy with an ease that must chagrin those whose daily concern, and anguish, is to bring the psychotically deluded back to a reality they can share.

The mercurial magic of screen psychiatry comes in for some mild parody in Danny Kaye's latest comedy, "Knock on Wood." Mr. Kaye is often called "irrepressible"—although his material on the screen rarely extends him to the full range of his skills, and we are always disappointed even as we are entertained. Here he is a ventriloquist who uncontrollably expresses through his dummies his inhibitions concerning marriage. Before he becomes involved in scatterbrained skullduggery involving spies and secret plans, he comes under psychoanalytic treatment—prettily professed by Mai Zetterling. The treatment, which is supposed to be "new" and rapid to begin with, is turned to farce when Kaye turns psychoanalysis against Miss Zetterling. He bones up on Freud overnight, reveals her own repressions to her in a few flashes of insightful jargon, and they fall in love—or is it really a case of mutual transference between two therapists? After this, and only from the scientific standpoint, the following hilarities are anticlimactic.

Beautiful lady analysts are no longer uncommon in films, and are probably related in their appeal to the beautiful lady doctors who occasionally appear in switches on old themes of medical eroticism. After all, one of the favorite naughty games of children has to do with playing at being doctors and nurses, and grown-ups have grown into at least sufficient reason to perpetuate the fantasies. Ingrid Bergman, as she appeared in "Spellbound," is perhaps the ultimate in the field—although the wailful theremin used in Miklos Rozsa's musical score persists in memory as having been more powerful in opening the hidden areas of the mind of the hero, Gregory Peck, and in discovering the villain, Leo G. Carroll. Psychiatric melodramas, in fact, seem to require the sound-track punctuation provided by theremins, electric organs, and other devices for producing sound effects in the guise of music. Radio and television simply carried them over from soap operas and detective stories into dramas of sudsy psychiatry. The audience, apparently, wouldn't recognize climaxes or other significant moments, unless they were opulently underlined by aural tutti-frutti.

Documentary, or "non-theatrical" films dealing with psychological material may not have suffered as much from synthetic music, but

they also have been weighted down by too literal an exposition of science. There is a growing "literature" of films treating the social sciences for purposes of instruction and information. Most of these are 16mm size, and rarely find their way into commercial distribution, where they are shown for profit in order to entertain. They are usually "sponsored" by universities, business organizations, educational groups, or foundations interested in using audio-visual media to deal with problems of individual and social behavior. They find their audiences in college classes, church, labor, or community organization auditoriums, or among people interested enough in unusual films to seek them out at the Museum of Modern Art, Cinema 16, and similar places around the country. Many are effective within their limited compass. But many more are as heavily burdened by verbose narration as are the theatrical films by wordy dialogue. And the more substance film narration and dialogue assumes from outside the film, the less credible and effective is the audio-visual experience of the film itself.

An engrossing example of the dramatic power of imaginative documentary is "The Lonely Night," written, directed, and produced by Irving Jacoby of Affiliated Films for the Mental Health Film Board. This film excited such interest in its initial nontheatrical showings that it is being put into commercial distribution, and will be booked into "art" theatres around the country, as well as into regular nontheatrical channels.

The story it tells is fiction, but is not false. It is well to understand at once that documentaries require as much creative imagination as do formally dramatic films. There is no "reality" anywhere simply awaiting cinematic record, no representation of locale, behavior, and events that does not involve selection, organization, and technical manipulation. Documentary is a style, as is fictional drama. Both can be true or false—to their own respective conditions and criteria. The case of Caroline Cram, the disturbed young woman in "The Lonely Night," is a typification, a sensitive recreation that distills the qualities of many instances; more than this, the case has been imbued with an essential dramatic personality: the generalization has been given particular life.

The film portrays the young woman's disturbance undogmatically, as a matter of mental health, rather than an epic symbolizing ancient instinctual agonies. Her problem is revealed in notably realistic interviews with her analyst, and in flashbacks to the childhood experiences

in which her personality took form. In contrast, we are also introduced to the Dunnes, who seem to be making a life with their three young children in which the ordinary frictions of daily living are dealt with wholesomely, in a climate of love and mutual respect. Their present life is unlike Caroline's past; their future will not be her travail now.

The film doesn't preach. The narrator, Frank Silvera, is no omniscient priest of some scientific certainty. If it had not been introduced as dealing with modern psychiatry, one could regard most of the film's lessons as articulate expressions of old wisdoms. No miracles occur in the analyst's office. In fact, the sequences there stress the slow, often agonizing process of self-discovery, the extraordinary patience of the conscientious psychotherapist. Nothing is oversimplified, yet the film is wholly clear according to its point of view—without the weight of masses of theory or findings. One reason for this is that the film limits itself to a few basic principles of mental health. Another is that it doesn't try to make propaganda for an ecumenical scientific discipline, and can spend its time making itself clear.

But "The Lonely Night" is noteworthy not only for a clear, sensitive script—or, by the way, its fine, unexaggerated music, composed by Mel Powell and played by the New Music String Quartet, with Benny Goodman. The film has moments of high drama; those in which Marion Seldes appears as Caroline are especially moving. Miss Seldes, daughter of mass-media expert Gilbert Seldes, gives a performance of astonishing skill, projecting a characterization that is truly profound and wholly credible—so much so, in fact, that one is aware of an especially intense response on the part of some of the audience. Women who watch the film seem particularly moved, as if they have been unprepared for this synthesis of documentary realism and dramatic characterization. They cough, they fidget, reaching interminably in their handbags for unneeded things. If they were watching Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, or Barbara Stanwyck in one of their familiar vehicles, they could traverse with greater equanimity spiraling passions and hysteric ecstasies, arriving at the closing denouments of romantic detumescence with dampened handkerchiefs, but elevated emotions.

"The Lonely Night" is intended to move people, but to move them to *do* something. It is meant to teach, not to blow up gusts of ready-made passion in studio wind-machines, providing easy catharsis for costive spirits. The neurotic behavior dramatized by Miss Seldes

is plainly unhealthy, not idealized to inflict vicarious tortures. The psychological drama of the film relies neither on romantic alchemies nor psychoanalytical magic. The audience learns that there is hope for Caroline—not in manipulating a jargon, nor in some happy ending, comfortably inevitable, but in a painfully slow attrition of irrational responses. It also learns something of a kind of world in which children can be brought up to self-respect and reliance, to mental health without need of therapy.

The entertainment film has tried to dramatize psychotherapy without alloying it. "The Snake Pit," it will be recalled, followed Olivia DeHavilland through a psychotic crisis, even into a mental hospital, exposing some of the ineptitudes and inhumanities of institutional care. Miss DeHavilland's travail, in fact, seemed even more severe than Miss Seldes's, involving a more violent withdrawal from reality, requiring shock treatments and other radical therapy. If the film commendably did not make Miss DeHavilland's sickness seem trivial and her cure easy, it could not, nevertheless, avoid psychoanalytic pontification or some fairly sticky theatricalism—such as a scene in which the patients at a mental hospital joined in singing "Going Home," to the Dvorak music. The point of the scene was to play up the poignancy of the desire to go home, to be free, to join the world again. But cheap tears for the audience were bought at the cost of good taste and credibility. The singing patients might have been air cadets, or sea cadets, in some familiar movie boiler about *esprit de corps*, the honor of the old academy, or some such like. Psychotherapy was given a theme song, put across in a production number—as if to show us that we were watching something made to entertain us, after all.

Of course, movies have to entertain. When they do not, the theatres are empty and discussions of their effects become academic. And psychiatry is no more sacrosanct a subject for the movies than is religion. As for the latter, the recent "Martin Luther" demonstrated that even theological debate can be made fascinating. The problem is not one of inherent complexity of subject-matter, although the ponderous jargon of psychiatry can make it so appear. Here "The Lonely Night" offers ample proof that films can inform people about principles of mental hygiene without first inculcating a faith in a particular

scientific ritual, with its own esoteric language, understood only by initiates.

There may be fundamental opposition between the ideas of entertainment and of education—when the former is defined in the practical, popular sense of passive amusement. If so, there are limits to what can be taught deliberately in the fictional entertainment film—although, of course, the attitudes the audience may develop from films are incalculable, and unpredictable. Popular entertainment, moreover, characteristically builds upon notions which have been accepted so widely and for so long, that they are assumed to be certainties—although many may be mutually contradictory. Popular entertainment does not teach, but reassures—which can be construed as bad teaching, to be sure. It is a commonplace admonition to aspiring creators of fiction for popular magazines, radio, films, and television that their stories had best illustrate some old maxim: that if they choose to challenge old ideas in some way, they had better write for media reaching a smaller, more receptive audience. One difficulty, then, of the psychiatric film designed to entertain is that it must establish its assumptions, giving them the force of old ideas. A way of doing this is to couch them in a familiar form, such as the common melodrama with its accustomed opposition of good and evil, and its happy outcome. But the results are inevitably dubious, if for no other reason than that the theories and findings of science are not certainties, and may not be proposed as comforting axioms. The movie psychoanalyst usually sermonizes in much the same kind of masquerade as does the "doctor" in the cigarette or toothpaste advertisement. He either simplifies to the point of falsehood, or juggles the colored balls of a jargon to mystify the onlookers.

"The Lonely Night" does not start out to "entertain" in the popular sense. It teaches, and the audience learns. There is a story that is absorbing, although it does not follow conventional fictional patterns. The film is simple, yet subtle, holding much to interest even those sophisticated enough to raise questions or qualifications. It is popular, yet not popularized; comprehensible without debasement. It engrosses; hence its demands upon the audience are met with interest and participation. This can be a definition of "entertainment," too.

Memory of Defeat in Japan

A Reappraisal of "Rashomon"

By JAMES F. DAVIDSON

THE SIGNING of the military aid pact between the United States and Japan early this year formally marked the opening of a new phase in the relationship between the two countries and an end to the interlude of the "Switzerland of the Pacific." It signified the American desire to see the country so recently known as a defeated enemy and devastated dependent become an increasingly self-sufficient and dependable ally.

Outcroppings of anti-Americanism in Japan since the end of the occupation have been of the type that could be expected in the period of readjustment, with the Japanese reactions to the hydrogen bomb tests adding a special sort of tension. The underlying attitudes are the real point of concern, and these should have more attention in the future than Americans have been accustomed over the past few years to give to Japanese opinion. The attitude of an ally both deserves and requires a different quality of understanding than is accorded to a subdued enemy.

As a particular insight into Japanese feelings, it is worth taking another look at the most widely-acclaimed of Japan's dramatic products since the war, the origin of which dates well back into the occupation period. It is now more than two years since the film "Rashomon" was first seen by New York audiences after having won the grand prize at the International Film Festival in Vienna. It was subsequently shown in many American cities and won critics' citations as an outstanding foreign film. The purpose of this review is to point out some implications of "Rashomon" in terms of the Japanese reflection on

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Following graduation in Japanese from the United States Navy Oriental Language School, JAMES F. DAVIDSON became a member of the secretariat of the Far Eastern Commission and worked for the Department of State. Beginning this fall, he will be Assistant Professor of Political Science at the University of Tennessee.

their defeat and occupation which were completely overlooked by American reviews at the time. These overtones are present throughout the picture and come through strongly in many of its details. Without producing a consistent theme, they heighten the dramatic effect of the story upon a Japanese audience in a way which is easily lost upon the foreign observer.

The story is laid in the ancient capitol of Kyoto, during a troubled period in the ninth century. It concerns a samurai and his wife waylaid on the road by a notorious bandit. The man is killed and the woman flees, later seeking refuge in a temple whence she is brought to the police magistrate after the capture of the bandit. A woodcutter who found the body and a Buddhist priest who passed the couple on the day of the crime are present at the testimony. As the picture opens, these two relate the events to a stranger while the three seek shelter from the rain in the ruins of the great gate of Kyoto, the Rashomon.

The bandit, Tajomaru, boasted that he had slain the man. Catching a glimpse of the woman as the couple passed him on the road, he had resolved to possess her, and, if possible, to do so without killing her husband. With a tale of swords and mirrors buried near an abandoned temple, he enticed the man into the woods where he overcame and bound him. On being led to the spot, the wife attacked the bandit with a dagger, fighting like a tigress until at last, exhausted and hysterical, she not only succumbed but finally returned his embrace.

Afterwards, as he was about to leave, she stopped him, saying that she could not stand disgrace in the eyes of two men. One must die, and she belong to the other. He released the husband and they fought. After the samurai had won the bandit's admiration by crossing swords with him longer than any previous foe, he was slain. Finding the woman gone, the bandit took the horse and weapons, except for the dagger which he forgot. He was apprehended shortly after, writhing ignominiously with stomach cramps as a result of drinking from a polluted stream.

According to the wife, the bandit left after the attack, laughing derisively. She ran to her husband to find nothing but contempt in his eyes, even when she cut his ropes and begged him to kill her. Maddened by his stare, she approached with the dagger, fainted, and recovered to find that she had plunged it into his chest.

Next, in a procedure which modern homicide squads must contemplate wistfully, the testimony of the dead man is obtained through a medium. He says that the bandit urged his wife to go with him, declaring his love and saying that her husband would not want her now. To his horror, she not only consented, but as they left she pulled the bandit back and cried, "Kill him!" The bandit stared at her in unbelief and then said to her husband, "Shall we kill her, or let her go? You decide." For that, says the dead man, he could almost forgive him. As he hesitated, she wrenched free and fled. After a chase, the bandit returned alone, cut his ropes, and left. He rose, sobbing, found the dagger and killed himself. As he lost consciousness, he was aware of someone approaching and drawing out the dagger.

At this point in the film, the stranger laughs at the discomfort of the two narrators. The priest is miserable because the same faith that requires him to believe the dead man's story is shaken by the account of the woman's treachery. The woodcutter suddenly bursts out that he knows the man was killed with a sword because he saw it happen. He concealed his knowledge from the police out of a desire not to be involved. Coming upon the clearing, he had seen the man bound and the bandit entreating the woman. Finally, she ran to her husband, cut his ropes, and threw herself on the ground halfway between the men. The bandit drew, but the husband refused to risk his life for her, saying, "I regret the loss of my horse more." The bandit considered a moment, then turned to leave and rebuffed the woman as she ran after him.

She began to laugh wildly and denounced both of them. She had long been sick of "this farce," indicating her husband, and had been thrilled to learn the identity of her attacker. Perhaps Tajomaru was a way out for her. But no! He did not take her like a conqueror. She told her husband that he could hardly sneer at her honor if he was too poor a specimen to fight for her. Goaded by her, they fought unwillingly, unskillfully, even cravenly. It was not a duel; it was a terrified brawl. At last the husband was trapped in the undergrowth and, shouting that he did not want to die, was run through. The staggering, panting Tajomaru returned to the woman, who had watched in horrified fascination. She fought him off and fled. He then gathered up both swords and left.

When the woodcutter has finished his account, the stranger again laughs at the unhappiness of the other two over this exposure of

human frailty and deceit. "Men want to forget things they don't like," he says. These three now become principals in the epilogue, which is very important to an understanding of the film. They hear a cry and discover an abandoned baby around a corner of the gate. The stranger, who reaches it first, strips the blankets from it. The horrified priest takes the baby while the woodcutter seizes the stranger and denounces him as the incarnation of evil. He justifies himself, saying that the parents have abandoned their duty and he is not obliged to take it up. Everyone must live any way he can, and if he does not steal the blankets someone else will. Still pressed by the woodcutter, he rebounds with the taunt that he knows why the last story was concealed from the police. He accuses the woodcutter of having taken the dagger, described by the bandit as valuable, from the scene of the crime. The crestfallen woodcutter makes no denial, and the stranger dashes off into the rain with the blankets, jeering.

The two stand in silence. Then the woodcutter takes the child, saying that he has six and one more will make little difference. The priest thanks him for restoring his faith in man and, as the sky clears, watches him proceed homeward from the steps of the gate.

* * *

Not all American critics were favorably impressed with "Rashomon." Even reviews that praised it contained adjectives such as "slow," "repetitious," "humorlessly solemn," and "confused." The extravagance of the acting was much remarked. Two reviewers, from their mutually distant corners in *Time* and the *New Republic*, singled out the sentimental epilogue as a serious flaw, arbitrarily and unfitly added. It was duly noted that the film draws from the works of the brilliant author Ryunosuke Akutagawa who committed suicide in 1927 at the age of thirty-five. The basis, however, was not a novel as widely reported, but two short stories. The stories are completely separate, and the scenarist-director, Akira Kurosawa, combined them into a product considerably different from either. The original stories therefore throw some light on the central problem of the film.

The first story, *Yabu no naka*,[1] supplied the basic plot: the con-

[1] "In a Grove." All comments on the original stories refer to *Rashomon and Other Stories*, translated by Takashi Kojima, Liveright Publishing Corporation, New York, 1952.

flicting accounts of the same crime by those involved. Akutagawa took an old melodrama and, with the clever detachment for which he is famous, made it ask Pilate's question. The circumstances presented as actual are essentially the same as in the film. Then there are the confessions of the bandit, the wife, and the dead man. That is all. There is no fourth account by an eye witness, no comment on the implications of the testimonies.

The second story, *Rashomon*, in addition to the title, contributed the setting, atmosphere, and the idea of characters who discuss right and wrong, duty and necessity. Kyoto has been devastated by a series of natural calamities: earthquakes, whirlwinds and fires. The Rashomon has fallen into decay and become a hideout for thieves and a depository for unclaimed corpses. A servant of a samurai, just discharged because of hard times, seeks its shelter from the rain. He contemplates the gloomy surroundings and his gloomy prospects, and debates with himself whether or not to become a thief. Climbing the stairs to the tower to find a corner for the night, he comes upon an old woman among the corpses, pulling the hair from one. He seizes her and demands to know what she is doing. She explains that she takes the hair for a wig. The dead woman used to sell snake meat as fish. If she knew the other had to take her hair to live, she probably wouldn't care. Listening, the man makes the decision he could not, earlier. Tearing off the hag's clothes and throwing her down among the corpses, he runs into the night.

Why was an atmosphere of gloom and decay, of physical and spiritual misery, chosen as a background in the film? The original story of the crime contains no such atmosphere, no linking of the event to the conditions of the times. Its effect is all the more striking because of this. If the sole aim of the film was to depict individual lust, selfishness and falsehood as a timeless problem, as favorable American reviews acclaimed, then it could well have been more faithful to the spirit, as well as the words, of Akutagawa in developing the remarkable event in less remarkable circumstances. It should not be forgotten that this film was made in the first instance for Japanese audiences, at a time when Japanese films were only beginning to emerge from an understandable period of complete escapism. A drama laid in medieval Japan, involving questions of human nature, could have provided a respectable type of escape without sacrificing its integrity.

Yet the picture opens on the ruined Rashomon: once the great architectural symbol of the capital of Japan, now the crumbling reflection of a devastated city whence the seat of power has moved. It is deluged by a relentless, windless rain. Under the gate sit the priest and the woodcutter, exchanging mute glances and headshakes. The priest slowly recites the kinds of disaster that have befallen. "And now this. I may lose my faith." Later, shrugging off their story, the stranger says, "Who is honest nowadays, anyway?" It is hard to believe that a Japanese audience was not being led to refer to their own experience and to see the events of the story accordingly.

The man and wife are depicted at the outset as the very embodiment of Japanese virtue, refinement and prosperity. He is a samurai, of the ancient warrior caste whose tradition was so carefully preserved until 1945; handsome, weaponed and well-dressed. As they pass the priest, he turns and laughs happily up at his wife. She is mounted on a fine horse and veiled from view. Lovely and petite, she seemed to the bandit in that first glance, he says, like an angel.

The bandit, as portrayed in the film, is a most remarkable character. In the original story, he wears a blue silk kimono and joins the couple as a traveling companion in order to divert them from the road with talk of buried treasure. There is evidently nothing unusual in his appearance or manner, and he easily disguises his identity and intentions so as to be acceptable. The film Tajomaru, on the other hand, is a half-clad savage, uncouth, insolent and raucous, who "capers about the screen," as the London *Times* said, "like a ferocious, demented Puck bellowing with maniacal laughter." He appears the least Japanese of all the characters, and a sort of incarnation of the *oni*, or ogre, of Japanese folklore, which has often been interpreted as a representation of the foreigner. His build and movements, even his features, suggest something of the gangling awkwardness that appears in Japanese caricatures of Occidentals. He is alternately terrifying and ridiculous, but always alien to the others. This serves to emphasize the avariciousness and foolishness of the samurai who, significantly, leaves his wife and undertakes the journey to his ruin as a commercial venture.

The scene in which the wife is overcome in a prolonged kiss (in itself still a shocker for Japanese audiences) is more horrifying because her attacker is a sweating, scratching, bug-slapping barbarian than it would have been with Akutagawa's blue-kimonoed outlaw. The

strong suggestion of cultural difference, verging on the ethnic, gives her ultimate lustful response an additional meaning. The problem is as old as conquest. And the epilogue of the abandoned child takes on a practical significance which removes from it much of the stigma of artistic error which it must bear if considered only as a disconnected attempt to restore faith in goodness.

In the original story, the wife tells her husband very simply that she cannot live with her disgrace and his contempt, and that she cannot leave him alive as a witness to them. Then she kills him, but fails in her attempt to kill herself. In the film, her confession is, in effect, a plea of temporary insanity. While she does not admit to any guilt in yielding to the bandit, nothing is done to remove the impression made by the scene which shows her to the audience as finally sharing his passion. She sobs hysterically and concludes her story by beseeching the audience—which sits in the position of the judge throughout the testimonies—"But what could I, a poor woman, do?"

The woodcutter, in the original story simply a witness who found the body, becomes an eyewitness whose account provides a devastating contrast to the others. Yet in the end he, too, is implicated, and the truth again eludes the others. Aside from his story, he has a place in the commentary and the epilogue as one of the only two commoners in the picture. The other is the stranger, who accepts human depravity with a laugh, jeers at the struggles of those who would deny it, and makes what he can for himself without scruple. The woodcutter is a simple man, striving to be honest under the burden of a large family and hard times. He is disturbed by a sense of his own guilt and the knowledge of the guilt of the other three. The priest, with less knowledge of the event than the other, shares his feeling with even greater unhappiness, for he perceives its fatal consequences for his faith.

The *Times*, more perspicacious in its perplexity over "Rashomon" than the American accolades, notes that there is little ritual about it and that even the music does not seem to be distinctively Japanese. This touches an important point about the epilogue. The picture has been filled with noise and confusion. Aside from the hysterics of the woman, much of the noise has been the derisive laughter of the bandit and the cynical stranger: the laughter which, even in silence, rings in the ears of a proud man defeated and reduced. There is practically no ritual and all reminders of contemporary Japan are unpleasant. Then,

as the woodcutter takes the baby from the priest and goes home, both bow twice, ceremoniously. The priest stands on the steps of the Rashomon, which no longer looks so ruined in the emerging sunlight. The music has suddenly become traditional. The final act of grace has restored a particularly Japanese kind of rightness.

There is a striking similarity with a final scene in "The Well-Digger's Daughter," where the unmarried mother, the repentant father, and the grandparents, separated by social barriers, are united around the crib of the baby. Raimu, as the well-digger, has a speech in which he urges that the past be forgotten in love for the child. "For here," he says, "is our hope. Here is France." The French in 1946 had need of a hope in which to sink the bitter divisions of the past. Postwar Japan is in need of a belief on which to found a duty. Surely the epilogue of "Rashomon" points, after the unanswerable questions raised in the story, to a basic belief and duty for Japanese to hold to. The old vision of a hopeful future springing from a glorious past is lost, and the way to its recovery lies through a maze of doubtful thoughts about misfortune, guilt and shame. Yet there is a new Japan, which demands love and care, like the abandoned child, not because of its auspicious or legitimate beginnings, but because it is alive and will perish without them.

It would be foolish to argue that the film is a complete or consistent allegory. To refer again to the *Times* review, however, ". . . something, some part of a country's habits of thinking, some perhaps unconscious reflection of its prejudices, and preferences, filters through the lens of the camera to perplex or amuse the foreigner." Much of the perplexity can be avoided by recognizing the implications for the Japanese audience, intermediate between the basic story and the more universal meaning. These aid the story in supporting the commentary, and fill the picture in spots that would otherwise be empty. They also help to account for the unrestrained, un-Oriental acting. The actors are portraying emotions which Japanese are conditioned by recent events to feel strongly, and their portrayals must be adequate to these feelings as well as to the events of the story. In these terms, even the agonized contortions of the medium as she establishes contact with the spirit of the dead samurai seem to have some meaning.

"Rashomon" was not popular in Japan on its first showing, although there has been more interest in a second circulation since

its international awards. It is not a popular-type production, but many circles there have received it enthusiastically. Without substantiating the specific arguments of this review, a prominent Japanese official assured the writer that the significance for the current situation in Japan was widely accepted. Any full understanding of the film, he added, must consider it in terms of the current feelings of Japanese.

The story told by each of the three participants protects his self-respect. In the account of the woodcutter, the common man, they are all revealed as frauds. The fight is a travesty on that described by the bandit, after which the mighty Tajomaru, heaving with fright and exertion, goes off to be betrayed into capture by a rebellion of his own innards. Bitter satire on the heroic virtues finds a natural response in a defeated nation. Still, we are reminded, the woodcutter also has a motive for changing the facts to conceal his guilt.

How did the old beliefs and loyalties die? Did they perish in a defeat at arms which "liberated" those who had already begun to see through them? Did they, in a manner of speaking, annihilate themselves in shame and sorrow for a people no longer worthy of them? Were they destroyed by those who held them dear because they were an unbearable reminder of duties that could no longer be fulfilled? Or were they done in in an uncertain scuffle of ideals and proclamations and conflicting directives that left nothing firm and whole in their place. Finally, since ideas do not die as men die, the question remains, are they really dead? It seems unlikely that thoughtful Japanese would see "Rashomon" without having some of these questions brought to mind. Even small touches may strike a chord. For example, when the bandit pleads with the woman to go with him and then, impatient at getting no reply shakes her roughly and shouts, "Say yes, will you!" some might see something of the ambivalent attitude of SCAP.

Just how intentionally Kurosawa worked these overtones into his film is questionable. Since he has taught us so well that the confession of a principal may be a poor guide to truth, perhaps we shall never know. However that may be, he produced an amazing work in "Rashomon" and, despite its roughness, a great motion picture. If the implications for Japanese are those here described, they carry little self-pity and have the same objective balancing of error and guilt into an open question as the rest of the film. This is what makes the

solution of the epilogue particularly touching. As an artistic achievement and as a searching of the soul, "Rashomon" is something of which any country could be proud. What it may signify for future developments in Japan, and for relations with the United States, remains to be seen.

The Exile

By Harold Witt

In the very din of business, the purr
of planes, where cash clangs, type-
writers tintinabulate, wheels whir;
to the sound of shoes, elbowed
by buyers and while sellers smile
the exile merely smells a rose,
wearing his dacron in an island way.

He meditates the quiet statuary
in parthenons of pause, that pale perfection
of curve and thigh as real to his eyes
as these shrill housewives, this sign
shrieking to BUY, these mild old men
and employees, the lurid headline's lie.
He seems to dream along a far piazza

by a bright sea that dazes with its dazzle
and palms explode to feathers, sunset
streaking with gold, greening his other sky.
And yet, although in this commercial light
at the drugstore door he looks remote,
byronic, he's local as a sparrow,
unlikely to leave whatever winters blow.

Harold Witt has published poems in a number of literary magazines and hopes to publish a book of verse next year. He is reference librarian at Washoe County Library, Reno, Nevada.

Books - - - -

SOCIAL CRITICISM IN SCIENCE FICTION

Jonathan Swift's outpouring in *Gulliver's Travels*, that *Homo sapiens* belongs to "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth," unequivocally qualifies him as the true patron saint of modern science fiction, for today Swift's sentiments are being echoed and re-echoed in the pages of the best writing in that field.

Perhaps the only distinguishing feature between the modern and old-style Gulliver is that he now zips to Never-Never land in an atomic-powered saucer ship. Then, too, instead of throwing rocks at his enemies he uses a ray gun or an electronic blaster, but there is scant difference in other respects, for today, as yesterday, Gulliver of the plastic space helmet unerringly finds superior beings about who make our earthlings seem small, odious and downright despicable by comparison.

In a sense, these new Cassandras of ours are re-emphasizing the implied significance of the findings of Copernicus; that our world is not the center of the universe, and granting our third-rateness in the scheme of solar design, it is but a step in syllogistic reasoning to grant that there must exist a planet with first-rate inhabitants, superior to us in every respect: morally, mentally, physically, emotionally and technically.

The channeling of man's critical sense, via science fiction, from the currently inhospitable field of the present to the more secure area of the distant future or the past, is due in part to the increasing sensitivity of Americans to criticism of any kind. Al Capp, the cartoonist, noted this in his article in *Life* (March 31, 1952) and concluded that his comic strip, *Li'l Abner*, would have to eliminate social satire entirely and concentrate upon "trivialities" and/or the matrimonial difficulties of his hero.

In regard to this sensitivity, perhaps we feel our way of life is engaged in some ceaseless competition, or is continually on trial before the eyes of an indifferent or hostile world. Thus, if the science-fiction Gulliver mentions the year 2186, or better still 3547, this sensitivity is correspondingly dulled. In other words, there is an inverse ratio to our dislike of criticism; the farther away in time and space the criticism seems to lodge, the less the irritation or concern.

Swift, in 1726, placed his comments in the far off lands as did Sir Thomas More in book two of his *Utopia* in 1516. Voltaire put his vitriolic remarks into the mouths of visiting Oriental potentates, presumably too ignorant to know better, or in the mouth of that distant traveller, Candide. Edward Bellamy in *Looking Backward* played safe, too, as did Montaigne in his *Cannibals* and as Plato, in a sense, did in his *Republic*.

Most satirists and social critics, past and present, that is those more discreet, used this ancient protective device of seemingly commenting about far distant times and places. Why? Well, of course, the McCarthys have ever been with us. Then, too, there is the matter of politeness and good taste and the venerable tradition of the protective device itself.

It is no secret that science fiction writers, the good ones, are merely using the framework as a vehicle for social protest. John W. Campbell, Jr., writing the introduction for *Best of Science Fiction* (Crown Publishers—New York: 1946) touches on this point. Of the science fiction writer, he says: ". . . his primary interest is in what those weapons (atomic) will do to political, economic and cultural structures of human society." Campbell goes on to divide science fiction into three general categories: 1) prophecy stories—in which the author tries to predict the effects of a new invention; 2) philosophical stories—wherein the author "uses the medium of science fiction simply to set the stage for the particular point he wants to discuss"; and 3) adventure science fiction—wherein the action and the plot are the main point and there is no special axe-grinding to speak of.

Of the three types, those in the second category are the most serious and concern us here. A few of the more philosophical writers are, by name: Ray Bradbury, Ross Rocklynne, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Ward Moore, Jerry Shelton, T. L. Sherred, Clifford D. Simak, Jack Finney, Henry Kutner, Frederik Pohl, C. M. Kornbluth and Gerald Heard. Some of these names are pseudonyms and the authors are distinguished men of the physical sciences, medicine, law, and letters.

The "philosophers" generally seem to subscribe to the Spenglerian thesis that Western culture is on the way out. Then, too, it is apparent that they are pretty careful readers of Lewis Mumford, Toynbee, Veblen, the political economist Clarence Ayres, the sociologist William Ogburn and philosopher John Dewey. Like Ayres and Dewey, most of them seem to believe that our talent for tool making, our interest in technics, will sooner or later embarrass our existing institutions, whether they are economic, social or cultural institutions, and force them into major modifications. In other words, they imply that the gap between ceremonial and instrumental activities in Western culture is becoming increasingly wide and increasingly

obvious to the thinking man. Along with Ayres they apparently feel, too, that many of our institutions are feudalistic in pattern and they seem to agree with Toynbee that rigidity of cultural forms can shorten the survival time of a civilization.

In another, and McCarthy-less era, these science fiction writers of ours would posibly be social scientists, reformers and pamphleteers and they would come to the point rather bluntly about just what they felt was wrong with our society *now* and not pussyfoot around the way they do today. Of course, to say that philosophical science fiction writers use this medium only as a vehicle for social criticism and only as a blind to throw off potential thought policemen or censorship is to oversimplify. There is, indeed, the matter of education; sugar-coating the bitter pill of knowledge. What better way to reach the adolescent mind than with a glorious action story filled with blasters and super-rockets and energizers and what not and then carefully sandwiched in between the action, some little gems of information that will impart a perspective on our society as a whole? But equally important, as the critic Clifton Fadiman has pointed out, there is the matter of creative expression and the opportunity, so richly afforded by the science fiction form, to give the imagination full play. Without doubt, many of the writers discussed here have chosen to work in this medium for artistic reasons and are, only incidentally, social reformers.

Of some sixty science fiction short stories and books read for this brief survey, fifty-four spoke out against war. This in itself is hardly any more surprising than the politician who is against sin; however, out of the fifty-four against war, a good ninety per cent felt that our wars were due to the direct manipulation of "power mad" rulers, munitions makers or "greedy international bankers." Some forty-seven stories deplored racial prejudice in America, either touching upon it casually or pounding away with sledge-hammer blows, and at least half of the stories made some sort of guarded and critical comment on our economic system.

Other common dislikes were: juke boxes, advertising and advertising copywriters, salesmen, subways and private power lobbies. In addition, it seems that superior Martians or superior Planet X-ers wouldn't tolerate: meat eating, class distinctions, labor exploitation, stupidity, unemployment, radio commercials, television shows, illness, soap operas, neon signs and Hollywood B movies.

In fact, the over-all implication of the majority of science fiction stories is that if we all had one molecule of sense we'd grab the first available saucer ship to good old Planet X and never come back to this miserable, run-down, slum tenement called Earth again.

The extreme pessimism of our philosophical science fiction writers may, in truth, be justified on many counts. No one can deny that we now have

wars, greed, poverty, exploitation, bigotry, racial prejudice and social status based on invidious distinctions and we have always been burdened with such things. But the science fiction writers seem to ignore or soft pedal the hopeful signs that are around; i.e. we do have a United Nations; we do have charitable groups organized against poverty; we have had virtually no lynchings reported in the South in the past few years; the Supreme Court has acted upon segregation in the public schools; we do have a Fair Employment Practices Act; we do have large sectors of our population who question the value of juke boxes, radio commercials, neon signs and poor television shows; and at least some of us are slowly getting more mature politically, intellectually and emotionally.

Although Bradbury, Finney, Kutner, Pohl and the other anti-mercantilists may well shudder at the possibility of our shipping juke boxes, insipid soft drinks and soap chips to the heretofore "uncontaminated" planets, it only seems fair to point out that somewhere in a corner of this first commercial rocket ship to Mars will be pocket-book editions of Shakespeare, record albums of our great composers and prints of our great painters. Willy Loman, of course, will be on that flight but maybe too, a new Tom Jefferson or Abe Lincoln with a copy of our Constitution and our Bill of Rights.

In any event, the pessimism of the science fictionists has, of late, begun to turn the professional reviewers against them. Perhaps there is a faint hint of future censorship in their remarks, but perhaps not. In fact, a censorship of a mild sort has already begun. Witness these comments of Anthony Boucher in his introduction to *New Tales of Space and Time* (Henry Holt—New York: 1951). Noting their Spenglerian trend, Boucher was moved to write about the science fiction writers: ". . . if pride is deadly to the soul of man, so also is despair." He continues: "The stories written for this book are intended to cover those among them with this *fresher, more positive* approach." (italics mine)

Thus a deliberate reaction from pessimism was expressed and a deliberate selection was made by the editor, Raymond J. Healy, for a more "optimistic" outlook to man's future. However, apparently a completely optimistic selection was hard to come by as Boucher continues in his introduction:

"For all their positiveness, you'll find many of these stories markedly critical of the present state of man's world—many of the authors markedly unconvinced that contemporary American culture is the ultimate and unchangeable Way of Life."

Not to quote Mr. Boucher out of context, he continues: ". . . it is as satisfying as paradoxical to see such a form [science fiction] growing in popularity in a period which otherwise tends toward increased timidity and conformity."

Most of the stories contained in *New Tales of Space and Time* are, indeed, optimistic. Whether or not editor Healy felt that this retreat from pessimism was partially reader-inspired, we do not know. Perhaps he had some apprehension that a literary McCarthy might be lurking in the bookstalls ready to turn his censorial gaze towards science fiction in general. The book includes "Tolliver's Travels" by Fenton and Petracca, a story with a reverse twist where the far distant Utopia turns out to be much worse than twentieth-century America. But the collection also contains a story, "Here There Be Tygers" by Ray Bradbury in the traditional vein, where Earth's spacemen leave a newly discovered planet with regret to return to Earth and all its toils and troubles. The book, too, contains Jack Finney's "Third Level" which light-heartedly spoofs our modern culture with its juke boxes, atom bombs, psychiatrists, wars, neon signs, and so on.

Book reviewers in general, grown weary of social criticism, have begun to jump on this bandwagon of reaction to pessimism. For example, Roscoe Fleming, writing in the book section of the Denver *Post* (Nov. 1, 1953) felt somehow that man's ego was under direct attack and after wading through a batch of current science fiction, almost snorted in protest: "I wager we can give the Martians or any other planet men cards and spades and still beat them every other way to Sunday in any game they want to play."

In a New York *Times* book review for September 6, 1953, Villers Gerson, reviewing Henry Kutner's *Ahead of Time* wrote: "He [Kutner] looks at life with a sardonic eye. His stories would be better if he developed a capacity for optimism." In the same issue, reviewer J. Francis McComas, wrote of *Space Merchants*: ". . . they predict a future grim enough to please the sourest of contemporary pessimists."

Yes, our major science fiction writers are bitter men. But this bitterness is not confined solely to science fiction. *Life* magazine in a recent editorial (January 11, 1954) tried to advise a young fraulein on what American novels she should read to get a promising picture of our country. After mentioning Faulkner, Steinbeck and Mark Twain and presumably reflecting quietly on the work of Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser, Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, Paul Bowles, Vance Bourjaily and William Inge, *Life* gave up and told her to skip contemporary prose writers entirely and stick to poetry by Walt Whitman or Robert Frost.

In addition to the book reviews and critics, a more serious opposition to philosophical and pessimistic science fiction seems in the offing. Thomas P. McDonnell, writing in *Catholic World* (October, 1953) on "The Cult of Science Fiction" complains that ". . . morals, ethics, philosophy and even religious beliefs are bandied about [in science fiction] . . . with complete

disregard for their real uses or meanings." McDonnell implies, too, that liberals in general are now using science fiction as a kind of intellectual underground communication system or as a semi-secret club lecture platform.

As to Mr. McDonnell's charge that science fictionists bandy about themes too weighty for them, this complaint has at least partial validity. Some of the mediocre ones are, indeed, writing far over their heads and it would be much better for the reader to go directly to Ayres, Dewey, Veblen or Mumford for an education in morals, ethics, philosophy, economics, etc. But then again some of the pen-name writers are well qualified to discuss these matters (for example, Gerald Heard). Although it might be true that Ray Bradbury has never had formal college training in sociology, few "qualified" scholars can write as effectively on racial prejudice. In fact, McDonnell and others are using the old Platonic argument for excluding poets from The Republic on the grounds they are more emotional than accurate.

As to the underground communication system, there is reasonable doubt that readers of serious science fiction are potential candidates for a McCarthy investigation simply because they are to be found in all walks of life, from conservative Republican club membership to socialist-labor party groups; from automobile mechanics to theoretical physicists and Wall Street brokers. As for the writers themselves, perhaps there are a few pro-Communists among them but hardly enough to frighten the public into boycotting the literature. Perhaps some day reading or writing science fiction may be considered a subversive activity, but when that sorry day arrives reading itself will be looked upon with suspicion and only the illiterate will enjoy complete political clearance.

Perhaps the first automatic reaction to the science fiction writers is: they hate mankind. One might have said the same after reading Swift, Voltaire, Tom Paine and Tom More and virtually all the Utopia writers. And yet we know now, with the advantage of hindsight, that our satirists and social critics and Utopia writers have been seriously concerned with our own best interests and welfare. The science fictionists are, like Swift and Paine and the rest, congenital reformers and professional revolutionists and they sincerely hope to improve our lot. Whether they are taking the best path to this improvement is a moot question. Then, too, that Swift's *Gulliver* is today relegated to the field of juvenile fiction must be some sort of a lesson concerning satire and social change. It would be fun indeed to have a time machine and to blast some fifty or one hundred years into the future to see if the voices of our science fiction writers had been stilled or to see if they actually played a significant part in causing institutional reform.

Meanwhile, a quote from Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, published in 1579, may be apropos here. Gosson, like Plato, was suspicious of writers and poets, and his words may serve either as a gentle warning to our overly-pessimistic science fiction writers or to disclose the basic ammunition of the Gossonites who even now must be forming their battle lines.

> The scarab flies over many a sweet flower, and lights in a cowshard; it is the custom of the fly to leave the sound places of the horse and suck at the botch; the nature of the *coloquintida* to draw the worst humors to itself; the manner of swine to forsake the fair fields and wallow in the mire; and the whole practise of poets, either with fables to shew their abuses or with plain terms to unfold their mischief, discover their shame, discredit themselves, and disperse their poison through the world.

Of course Sir Philip Sidney forever dogs the footsteps of the Gossonites and thus it is only fair to counter with a paragraph from *The Defense of Poesy*. For those science fiction fans who stand by their favorite authors come gloom, vitriol or high satire, they might still find Sidney an excellent champion of the rights of poets "to shew their abuses":

> . . . but the [the poet] cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion . . . and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you . . . which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue. . . .

Denver, Colo. L. W. MICHAELSON

HOW MANY WORLDS MAKE ONE?

How Nations See Each Other. By William Buchanan and Hadley Cantril. University of Illinois Press, 1953. $5.

What Europe Thinks of America. Edited by James Burnham. John Day, 1953. $3.50.

The Great American Parade. By H-J Duteil. Twayne, 1953. $3.75.

Americans are Alone in the World. By Luigi Barzini. Random House, 1953. $2.50.

The Genius of American Politics. By Daniel J. Boorstin. University of Chicago Press, 1953. $3.25.

It seems not so long ago that we were being urged to regard ourselves as One World, to work for World Federation or Atlantic Union, even the United Nations, with the warning that W. H. Auden had pointed out that "we must love one another or die." If the authors of the above books have one general point

to make, it is that we may easily die, but that there is very little prospect that we shall, in the near future, love one another. "In reality, America is developing a civilization of its own, on an entirely different basis from ours." "Americans are alone in the world." "We are sure to lose the intellectual struggle if we accept the terms of the debate as posed by Russia and by Europe; if we try to show that we are a new and more perfect embodiment of the European ideal of political institutions and culture. That we certainly are not." "The highest proportion by far selecting their own country as offering the best life occurring among Americans, 96 per cent of whom chose the United States." The gulf between the United States and the rest of the world seems to grow steadily. Wars and rumors of wars still seem our strongest bond of union.

How Nations See Each Other is handicapped, by its method and terms of reference, in its investigation of this situation. A UNESCO study of public opinion, its form appears exhaustive, its content more meagre. Public opinion polls were conducted in nine countries, asking a number of questions designed to reveal national attitudes toward other peoples, personal satisfaction with economic and social conditions, and so forth. An immense amount of labor was clearly involved in setting up the project, and in ensuring that the most accurate methods of analysis were employed, so that it seems ungrateful to question the whole proceeding. Yet the concentration on method appears to have led to a certain neglect of two equally important factors: the assumptions on which the inquiry proceeded, and the limitations of the public opinion poll in this field. We are told that, though the method is admittedly imperfect, two arguments support its use. Surveys have managed to make accurate predictions of voting in elections, and the method is better than available alternatives.

> If one postulates as Unesco does, that "wars begin in the minds of men" and seeks to explore the content of these minds, we must make some provisions for quantitative as well as qualitative analysis. No other technique reaches down through all strata in a nation to disclose in terms that may be aggregated, even imprecisely, the nature and extent of the impact of the real and fancied characteristics of other peoples on the daily lives and purposes of the mass of the population. These are the people who, though they may exert little *active* pressure on the foreign policy of a country, do set very real limits beyond which the policy maker dares not tread.

Do these arguments convince? In predicting an election result, the poll is working within a fixed question: For which candidate will you vote? —and within a fixed number of alternatives; one cannot partially cast a vote. Within these limits, method can rule supreme. But when the Unesco poll asks "Do you believe that human nature can be changed?"

there is, as the authors realize, a much greater desire to hedge, and a much greater problem in drawing conclusions. So, when it is suggested that a negative answer to this question implies a "fatalistic" view of mankind which may be part of an ultraconservative philosophy, which is refuted in the name of "anthropologists, biologists, psychologists and sociologists," I cry halt in the name of theology. What if one rejects the assumption that "wars begin in the minds of men," or considers it so vague as to be meaningless? To what extent does popular opinion influence foreign policy? Do Russian policy makers recognize the limitations laid down by UNESCO postulates? What interests will be consulted before the H bomb is used? Evasion of such questions reduces sharply the value of the survey, and the general conclusion seems reasonable but unexciting: all nations know too little about others, and should know more. Perhaps this is to be expected in the nature of the method employed, for surely the framing of the question must, to a considerable degree, anticipate the answer? We discover what we seek to know, rather than grapple with an emergent body of awkward and intractable fact.

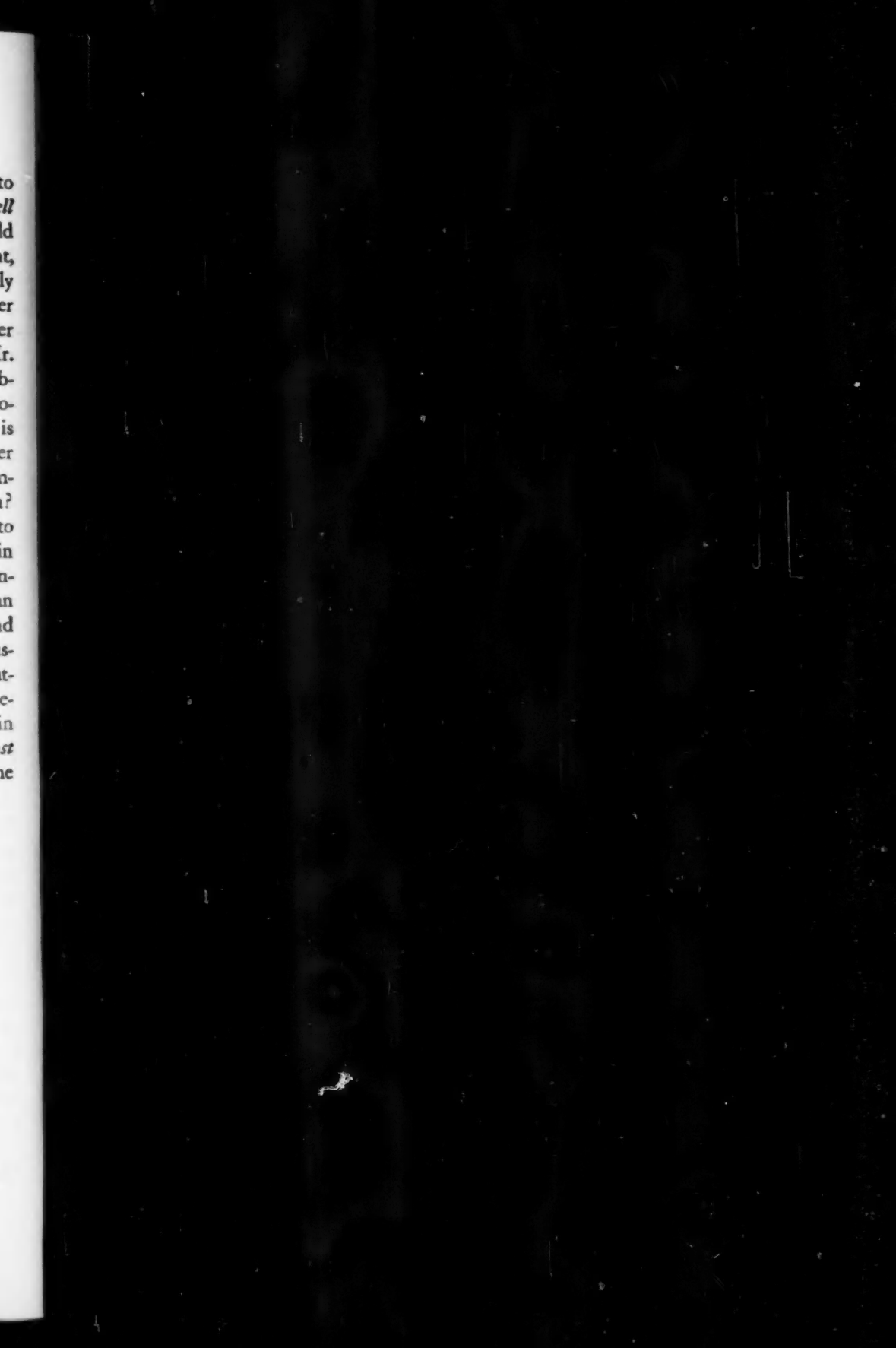
Other impressions of the American scene are less pretentious, less scientific, and more tried in their method. Since the sixteenth century Europeans have been returning home to describe the grandeurs and miseries of the New World, and there seems little sign that the stream is drying up. Mr. Burnham has assembled a group of essays by authors who appear to have little in common other than a rejection of left wing politics, and described, rather optimistically by the publishers as "a panel of influential Europeans," though as far as the British contributor, Julian Amery, is concerned, it would be difficult to prove, precisely, whom it is he influences. The result is not impressive. The authors appear to have been given a general directive, and have responded with a ragged and desultory fusillade. An interesting essay by a Ukrainian, Yury Serech, analyzes the reactions of a Soviet Ukrainian poet to the United States. The official Stalinist verse required of this subject is animated, he suggests, by a genuine agrarian aversion to prosperity and industry. Mr. Burnham can generally be more provocative than this: he wears moderation uneasily.

H-J Duteil and Luigi Barzini are old fashioned, individual "qualitative" observers of the American scene, though their offerings vary sharply in merit. *The Great American Parade* is interesting chiefly for a publisher's twist. This book, they imply, is wrong and inaccurate. Nevertheless, the French and others have bought and praised it to an extent that makes it the duty of Americans to gaze upon "the strange portrait of America that Europe accepts." In their judgment of Mr.

Duteil they are right. A wartime refugee in New York, his opinions of America at large seem to have been formed by a reading of the *Daily News* and the *World Telegram*. But apart from the inaccuracy and ignorance revealed, one feels despair at French standards of literature. Mr. Duteil is not only wrong. He is dull. The book rambles without pattern or structure, and the general attitude of the author to his subject makes one suspect that he is closely related to those Europeans who meet from time to time in cultural oases amid the great American desert, and settle down to evenings of conscious superiority over the barbarous New World.

Luigi Barzini is a sympathetic, able reporter of the American scene. If he does nothing in particular he does it very well, and his book is painless and enjoyable reading. The usual questions are raised. What is America's position in the Western World? Will she be leader in peace or war? How are Americans facing up to their responsibilities? The usual portraits are painted; the teacher, the businessman, the politician, the farmer pass in review. Mr. Barzini might well object that he was not attempting anything so pretentious as to predict, or explain, but the nagging question persists—What does it all add up to? A reader who wants more than a progress report is perhaps the answer.

Mr. Boorstin seeks to fill this need. "What extraordinarily provocative titles your books have," remarked a friend, his eye on *The Genius of American Politics*. Of course, Mr. Boorstin did not mean it in *that* sense, but the comment is perhaps still pertinent. His book merits attention and thought: it both sets out to be and is provocative. The advantage of moving in time as well as space is made most clear by this account of American development. America, Mr. Boorstin argues, has become great, not by virtue of a national philosophy, but by lack of it. The American experience has been "seamless"; American values have not been articulated, but accepted as "given." Institutions, not ideals, are the touchstone of democracy as America has known it. This theme is illustrated by accounts of the failure of Puritanism, the one explicit dogma to be imposed upon America, and of the conservative continuity that underlay the upheavals of the Revolution and the Civil War. Mr. Boorstin's argument is bold, and his conclusions definite. America is unique: her conditions are not to be found elsewhere, and it would be fatal to impose American democracy on less favored nations. With this, many may agree. But Mr. Boorstin appears to argue further that happy is the country that has no political philosophy. This is a recognizable conservative philosophy. One wonders, however, if it can be accepted. Mr. Boorstin, of course, does not suggest that politics should be ignored, or viewed with a

complacent and disengaged eye. Institutions must be defended. But with what? Will legal or constitutional precedents suffice in themselves? It would seem difficult to defend the validity of the Constitution—as contemporaries thought—without some notion of what rights it is supposed to guarantee, and though, as Mr. Boorstin points out, the Revolution was both conservative and legalistic in form, it was surely something else again in nature. Again, it may be perfectly correct for America to refuse to impose her institutions on the rest of the world. But the rest of the world should perceive what those institutions are, and in what spirit they are conducted. For better or worse, American influences are today felt by the rest of the world, and a ban on the export of an American philosophy is only tackling a fraction of the problem. Mr. Boorstin refuses, as he says, to become a crusader either for liberalism or for conservatism. "We have traditionally held out to the world, not our doctrine, but our example. . . . In the past we have wanted to be judged not by what we could *tell* the world but by what we could *show* the world." But, at present, America shows the world, not only the turmoil of her politics but her air bases, her occupation forces, her economic and technical might. Mr. Boorstin does not raise these problems. Does he favor a return to isolation? Disenchanted though he is with Europe, he refers to no other part of the world. What of the impact of America on Africa and Asia? What have other nations done to articulate their beliefs? Mr. Boorstin flinches nobly from imperial responsibilities, but his prescription of an example of a free government and material bounty as sufficient to justify the American scene to the outside world wears a curiously nineteenth-century dress. Mr. Boorstin wrote some time ago of *The Lost World of Thomas Jefferson*. Is he sure of his own?

PETER MARSHALL
University of Bristol.